JULY 1 — 7, 1978

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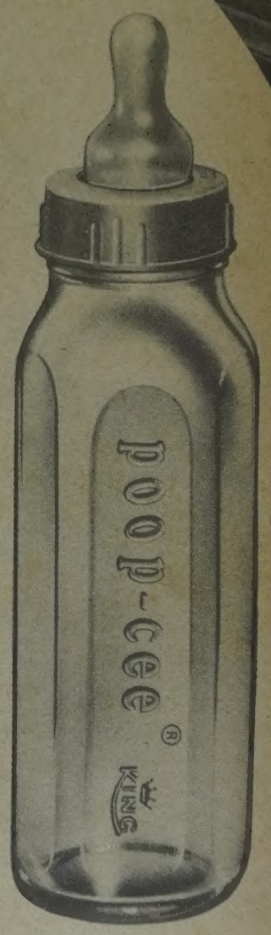

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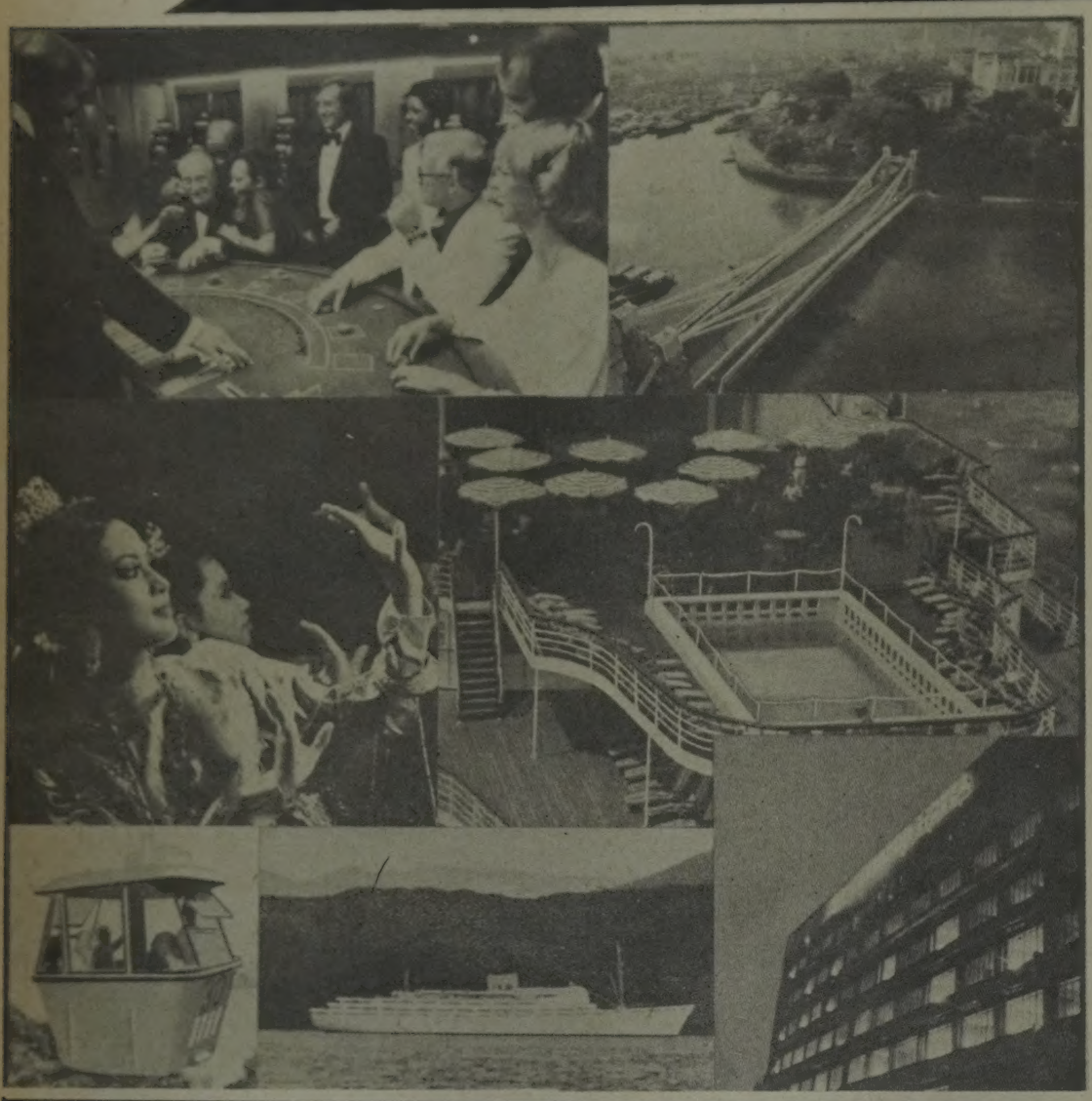

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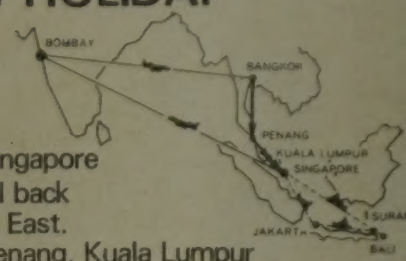

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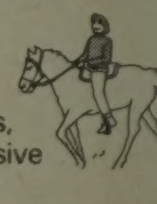

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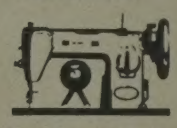

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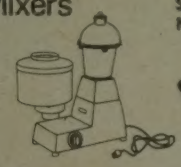

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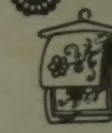

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POONAM DHILLON
SABITA DHANRAJGIR

At the recent beauty contest organised by Eve's Weekly, young and attractive Poonam of Chandigarh and Sabita of Hyderabad were selected to participate in the Miss Young International and Miss International Beauty Pageants to be held in Tokyo early this year.

Poonam had been selected Miss Young Delhi in 1976 and her photo on the cover of Eve's was noticed by Yash Chopra, who later took her for his film, "Trishul." Poonam intends to complete her graduation with Political Science and Public Administration.

Smart and vivacious, Sabita graduated in Fine Arts from Hyderabad. She is now a sought after model. She is planning to open a boutique in Hyderabad.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

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this week

BACK TO THE FASHION PARADE

Not only are collegians in Bombay generally well-dressed, they are more often than not expensively dressed. The question is whether students can afford to spend so much time, energy and their parents' money on just looking good. And what happens to those who can't afford to be trendy?
Page 8.

WORKING STUDENTS

While a large majority of middle and upper middle class youngsters take college education for granted, secure in the knowledge that their parents will provide, many young people have to pay at least part of their way through college with the help of part-time jobs. The lives and experiences of these working students.
Page 10.

WOMEN AT WIMBLEDON '78

Gone are the days when women's tennis was a matter of no consequence. Thanks to a spunky and talented bunch of women pros, women's tennis has in recent times experienced a rise in prestige. Who are the women competing at this year's Wimbledon and what are they like, as persons and as players?
Page 34.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR GIRLS

Attitudes towards girls going in for higher studies rather than plunging straight into early marriages are changing and becoming more accepting. In fact, many parents nowadays — especially mothers — do feel that their daughters should at least be qualified to earn their own living, for the sake of lifetime security, if nothing else. Girls are also beginning to think in terms of career-oriented studies and being self-reliant. However, there is still a long way to go.
Page 12.

ALSO

Asthma : Clarifying misconceptions about this distressing ailment — **Page 40,** Nava Nir : A home for the aged, reassurance that society does care — **Page 13,** Colour Feature : Handicrafts from the hamlets of Rajasthan — **Page 17,** Profile : Krishna Roy, stage actress from Bengal — **Page 19,** Film Interview : Vidya Sinha, a certain lack of ambition — **Page 21,** How Time Flies : Tips on time management — **Page 38,** Blue Films : A booming business — **Page 40.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7,** Short Story/**14,** Children's Page/**18,** Comics/**20,** Fashion/**24,** Heart to Heart/**27,** Cookery/**28,** Passing Through/**33,** Frankly Speaking/**33,** Beauty/**39,** Madam I'm Adam/**43,** People & Events/**44,** World of Eve/**45,** Horoscope/**46.**

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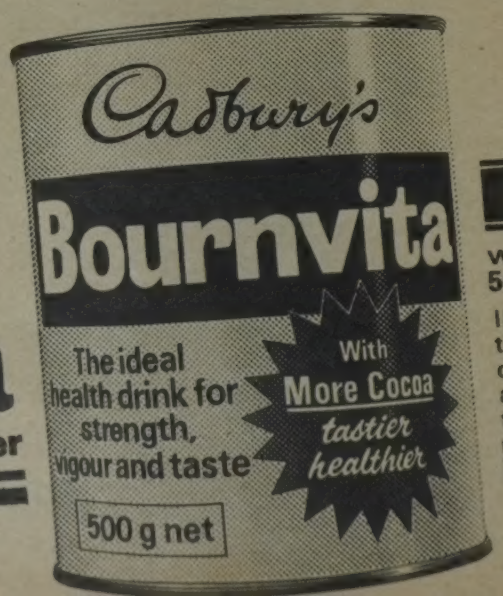

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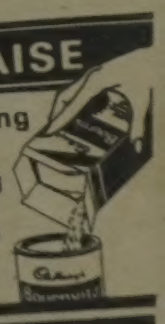

Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st prize

WOMEN'S PROGRESS

In a couple of decades, we will be coming to the turn of the century. We have cried for equality and aimed at progress, but what have we really achieved? Bar the noise and the shouting, how far have we moved from square one? Sure, we have taken strides, but if we want to win the game, we have to make moves in other directions. . . against precepts and practices that are baseless and retrograde. Progress seems more relevant to the upper crust of society, which does not form the nucleus of a people. If progress means breaking into the bastion of male superiority, holding jobs that were once the prerogative of men, wearing outlandish clothes, with a laxity of morals and so-called permissiveness, then, a class of people, measured by that yardstick, have progressed.

But the lay woman who wallows in hide-bound practices of yesteryears, has not made much headway. Women who allow their husbands to treat them like chattle, widows who no longer have a right to live, but only to exist — have they come any further? Women who believe that an incidence of chicken-pox is the visitation of a certain goddess. . . that the tying of a cord into tantric knots worn on the body wards off evil. . . that a child who is ill has been 'cast eyes upon' and a little chilli and salt taken over the child's head and thrown into a fire is the best panacea. . . . that a child who is licked by an elephant becomes fearless (recently parents of a baby who resorted to this, had to watch the gruesome tragedy of the baby being chewed up) — to people such as these, where does salvation lie. . . and what is progress?

Hyma Bal, Telicherry

Superstition is the bane of Indian society. Women themselves are woefully guilty of perpetuating superstitious belief and useless traditions. However, it's good to see young people scoffing at all that is ridiculous and hide-bound, and progress, surely, must come from their refreshing attitudes. ... ...

2nd prize

STUDY! STUDY!

Today when so much attention is bestowed on reforming our higher educational system, I feel educationists have overlooked one important factor: the plight of young children in primary schools. It is, of course, common knowledge that to the children in villages learning the 3 R's is a Herculean task because of their economic conditions. But what is equally startling is the plight of well-to-do, city-bred children studying in convents. These poor kids have not only to cope with their heavy syllabus but also their over-zealous parents. I am, indeed, shocked at the way these children are treated. A neighbour of mine actually wields a cane everyday while her four-year-old daughter finishes her lessons. I have also come across another mother who even refuses to give food to her six-year-old son unless he has completed the day's homework. Let me add she isn't an illiterate woman — she is an educated wife of a high-ranking official who is only "keen" on her son maintaining his "first rank". I suspect such barbaric treatment gets worse during the time of examinations. Why don't educationists do away with this ranking system? Instead, let them introduce a grading system. I sincerely hope something is done at once. Was it Wordsworth who spoke of "children trailing clouds of glory?" Obviously these rank-crazy parents whose actions will surely make Montessori turn in her grave, have never heard of this 'high-priest of nature'

Miss Umjey, Tamil Nadu

The importance given to rank in class and the acquisition of degrees has gone too far. Parents instil fear of failure into their children out of their own fears and frustrations. Education has, somewhere along the way, lost its true meaning and it is high time the whole system was changed.

3rd prize

ALL WELCOME

On our recent trip to Goa we visited the various temples and churches with one of our Goan (Christian) friends. Being Hindus, my husband and I were allowed to enter the innermost part of the temples to observe the deities at closer quarters, while much to our embarrassment our Goan friend was made to stand out. The churches, however, were wide open for us and our friend proudly showed us in and out of them. Yet, Hindus never think twice about calling them fanatics.

The fire temples are closed to all except the Parsees. The mosques do not welcome anyone other than a Muslim. And the temples stand open only to Hindus. A church is the only place where one's caste, colour and creed are not questioned. It is small wonder, then, that I felt so much at peace kneeling down and crossing myself every morning at my school chapel despite being a staunch Hindu.

Jyoti Lajmi, Bombay

Many non-Christians have expressed similar feelings upon entering a church. That the doors of any place of worship should remain closed to particular communities, castes or religions, is a matter of shame and pity.

EXPERIENCE WANTED

On pondering over the anonymous letter under the heading "Job Opportunism" (EW, March 25) I feel that most employers try to lure away experienced persons, leaving only the inexperienced ones yearning for employment. Your writer tells how she, a non-graduate, was deprived of getting a job. Although a graduate with typewriting and shorthand qualifications, I was hunting in vain for employment for more than a year, as I did not possess any experience. But after I somehow managed to land my first job, where I served for just a few months, I could switch over to three different jobs easily, serving hardly for six months in each company. A stage has come when I am now tempted with umpteen offers which I am refusing. I do not see any necessity for experience for posts of middle-cadre like stenographers, assistants, etc. When Banks are bold enough to recruit even officers without experience, private companies, instead of enticing persons who already have a strong foothold in their existing jobs, should at least call for interview the qualified, inexperienced persons and gauge their merits. In this connection, I cannot also understand the purpose of announcing in their advertisements that "persons getting less than Rs. 1,200/- need not apply". Do the employers think that persons with the required qualification and experience but not getting the salary they stipulate, are not capable of earning the so-called sumptuous salary they are going to offer?

Miss R. Meenakshi, Madras

Many young people ask in frustration: "Where do we gather experience, if we are not given jobs?" With the job situation so precarious, it is incumbent upon employers to at least try and hire raw but qualified people for certain kinds of work.

READER'S VOICE

Your feature on the Son Vs. Daughter dilemma (June 3) was interesting. The author has highlighted a not commonly known fact: the way in which secular laws are also partly responsible and could and should be changed. Another factor, which he left out, is the belief that the familial line or blood or name is carried on only by a male heir. (M. Patil, Nagpur)

With reference to your feature on the Methods of Planning a Baby's Sex (June 3), it was amusing to read about all the methods gullible people in the olden days (and, who knows, even nowadays) were duped into using. But I was appalled that so much time, money and energy is spent on trying to find methods of pre-determining a baby's sex. What possible good use could this research be put to? It is, in fact, positively dangerous to make these methods public, especially in a country so obsessed with the "need" for male children. It is not unimaginable that people would all try and produce male children — and thus upset the natural order of things. And that if they discovered ahead of time that they were going to have a girl, they might resort to abortion to get rid of a baby of the unwanted sex. Let not things come to such a pass! (S. Sethi, Delhi)

BACK TO THE BOOKS OR

College students in Bombay seem to be particularly fashion-obsessed—not only well-dressed, but expensively dressed. The question is: at what cost?

Alpana Chowdhury

Over the years the atmosphere and environment of colleges have undergone a gradual but definite change and today the campuses (especially the canteens) are sights worth viewing. The girls are at their prettiest best, and the boys, keeping pace with them, are at their dandiest best. Chiffons and silks, and high-heeled shoes of all sizes and shapes, heady perfumes (if not from legendary Arabia, from Hong Kong, London and Paris) and exotic jewellery adorn the bodies of young collegiates and make college life a fancy, colourful fashion parade.

For those who can participate in this parade, life is beautiful; for many of those who can't, college life often becomes a traumatic experience. One may ask if it's really necessary to "deck up" for college. Is it in keeping with the rules of decorum? Doesn't it often become very difficult for parents to maintain these "trendy" looks sported by their children?

Agreed, beautifully dressed girls and smartly dressed boys are aesthetically very pleasing to the eye; but is there need to go to such extremes as wearing chiffons and organzas to college? If for no other reason, at least from a practical point of view, it is a waste (unless, of course, a person has decided that he or she is going to college only to be a beautiful show-piece. Very often, college benches are rather dusty — one of the elite colleges of Bombay even has pigeon droppings on its desks and benches. Even if all college benches don't have this quaint charm, mobility, on the whole, is definitely hampered. How can you participate in college sports or dramatics or rush from one lecture hall to another if you are daintily dressed in delicate sarees or perched on four-inch heels? And you can look just as neat and pretty in jeans or cotton and handloom sarees.

Besides, can students really afford the long hours such elaborate dressing necessitates in front of a mirror? It might be argued that good grooming and well tailored clothes help in developing self-confidence. One of the boys I was speaking to asked, "Clothes maketh the man, don't they?"

Yes, they do. But only clothes don't make one. If they did, there would be no difference between a clothes rack and a well dressed man. For a total, rounded personality much more is needed.

Young boys and girls can be fashion conscious, but there is no need for them to be fashion obsessed. I would say, "Clothes plus mental development maketh a man." And when clothes and their allied interests gain priority over books, seminars, debates, etc. something is definitely wrong.

Viewing the vanities of his age, Alexander Pope wisely observed:

> How vain are all these
> glories, all our pains,
> Unless **good sense** preserve
> what beauty gains.

A total personality is made up of physical appearance plus (and this is more important) mental alertness. A well-dressed boy or girl attracts initial attention. However, if the good-looking clothes are not matched with an enlightened, lively mind, this attention soon wanes.

In many of the colleges of Bombay, especially the very affluent ones, the sole aim of a majority of the students seems to be to wear the latest, most expensive clothes, show them off in college and then push off for a morning show. A very common scene in local trains comes to my mind. Around nine o'clock the trains are usually full of college students. There is one type that is generally immersed in copying notes or preparing for a tutorial. This is the less obtrusive type. Another kind that invariably attracts attention is the well-dressed or, rather overdressed, one (a couple of years back when wide flares were in

fashion one could see some of this kind in satin lined chiffon ones!). This group is inevitably discussing the previous Sunday's TV film or the one they plan to see that morning (the 11 o'clock show).

I wonder when these type of students develop the "good sense" that Pope considered so essential, since more than one half of the day is spent before the mirror or in the cinema hall. When clothes and movies (including the trashiest ones) become the focal point of their lives, books naturally are of secondary significance. There is in such cases a definite misplacement of priorities.

THE FASHION PARADE?!

At the student level, surely more time must be allotted to studies (not necessarily to only the prescribed courses) and to other valuable pursuits such as reading, extra-curricular activities, dramatics, singing, debates, quizes and group discussions. And all this can be done without necessarily being or being considered dowdy and old-fashioned.

What about the financial aspect of this display? What effect does this obsession and craze for clothes have on the parents' budget? Wearing even jeans has, these days, become expensive as one can wear nothing less renowned than a Levis or a Wrangler. These must be obtained at any cost. A pair of these "brand" jeans can, in Bombay, cost up to Rs. 400! Those collegiates who consider the wearing of silks and chiffons to college as "square," patronize only this equally expensive "casual wear." Tailors in the city are, of course, minting money altering jeans and denim skirts to various sizes, at sky-rocketting prices. Merely to alter a pair of Levis one sometimes has to pay up to Rs. 60!

The money for all this naturally comes from the pockets of often groaning parents. It is all right for the rich — the industrialists and businessmen — whose abundance of flashy wealth is what spoils it for the average middle-class Bombayman. They spoil their children and give them unlimited amounts of money to spend on whatever they wish. And the trend set by these rich kids is what the children of even middle-class parents feel obliged to follow — to the detriment of their parents' pockets.

Ferzeen, for example, who tries to keep in tune with the latest trends and who doesn't like repeating a dress too often, admits that this causes friction with her parents. "But I usually manage to convince them and they come around to my point of view."

"Would you repeat a dress in the same week?' I asked her.

"Gosh, no!" she exclaimed. "Most of my friends don't repeat theirs even in a fortnight."

"Would you wear a slightly old-fashioned top to college, if you had to, for some unavoidable reason?"

"No, I'd feel most odd and I'd rather not go to college on that day."

Ferzeen is a typical instance of a fashion-oriented youngster, influenced completely by the trend among her friends and willing to face and fight opposition from her parents on this ground.

When asked how important clothes were to her, she replied (taken aback and surprised by a question to which the answer seemed so obvious), "Very important. Essential in fact. Changes in fashions are fun. I would prefer to spend money on clothes than on anything else."

This kind of attitude often proves to be a terrible burden on the parents who pay for the changing fashions. Take the case of Mrs. Kapoor, for instance. She is a mother of two college-going children and says, "It's very difficult for us middle-class parents to cope with our children's demands for new clothes every now and then. Tailoring has become very expensive and it is not possible to provide my son and daughter with new sets of clothes too often. I know that fashions change fast and their friends keep getting clothes stitched in keeping with the changing fashions, but having a limited budget I cannot pamper my children in the same way."

It is not only girls like Ferzeen who participate in this exciting day-to-day fashion display. To charm these girls, the boys must also rise an inch or two above the rest. Elevated shoes for boys flood the market and help our young dandies to be at their impressive best. Coupled with these are trousers and shirts of the latest cut and design. Foreign after-shaves are easily procured in Bombay and these lend that finishing touch that helps them to drive into college exuding charm and confidence.

Whereas in the earlier centuries it was with wigs and sword knots that beaux banished beaux, today's college beaux banish one another with 28-inch flares, three-inch heeled shoes and "Brut," "English Leather" and "Tabac."

You have an exception in Iqbal who says that far from feeling out of place in such an atmosphere, he makes the dandies feel out of place by dressing in a modest manner. Clothes for him are important only in that "they cover my body." As long as they are clean and well-ironed, the style and the cut make no difference to him.

But not all the modestly dressed ones are as confident and self-assured as Iqbal is. Many of them dress simply out of compulsion and being behind fashion does make them feel odd and awkward in college. Matters are made worse when they can sense some of the pseudo-well dressed crowd labelling them as "those vernacs."

I know of at least one elite college of Bombay where you have this marked demarcation between the "hep, trendy" ones and the simple "skirt-blouse" types. Clothes become the criterion by which many students choose the flock to which he or she wishes to belong. Needless to say, more often than not it is the simpler ones that score higher marks at the examinations.

The "pseudos" fail to realise this and they are coldly indifferent to the simpler ones.

It's nice to be beautiful and well-dressed and nicer still to be admired and courted, but should a dab of mascara or a subtle dash of blush-on make young persons feel so distinctive that they regard the less bedecked ones as "lesser beings," pieces of furniture or queer objects to be looked down upon?

Let not clothes and make-up become so important that we lose all sense of judgement and priorities. One must be well-dressed, but not at the cost of pinching our parents' pockets. Nor should we allow clothes to reduce us to mere mannequins — attractive, no doubt, but lifeless. Let not clothes serve as the sole criterion for choosing friends and judging character. Let "good sense" choose college wear and let well-tailored clothes be matched by a well-developed mind.

WORKING STUDENTS

TURNING A DISADVANTAGE INTO AN ADVANTAGE

Shoma Sen

ABOVE: A working student busy at her job. She goes to school or college before or after work.

RIGHT: Their ambition sustains them during their long hours of work and study.

Five days I had to enjoy the peculiar situation of being a working student. I saw the world enjoy because from speaking to working students of different types. I did get the feeling that the way things are today, the working student is in many ways at an advantage over other students. This of course, arises out of the fact, and the attitude, that the only reason for going to college is because the degree is necessary for a job—any job almost If this is the case, then, to have the security of a job, as one is graduating, and the confidence, maturity and sense of responsibility that arises out of the working experience, gives one a firmer footing in life.

Compare this to the ordinary student, haphazardly and somewhat mechanically going through the routine of textbooks and lectures, or floating about in college canteens and outside city cinema halls, and graduating with an awareness of responsibility coming on so sudden that one is quite knocked over and doesn't know where to turn. How does one go about getting a job? What job does one want anyway? What if I don't like this job, can I risk switching over to some other field at a later stage?

But obviously not all students want to take up a regular job while studying. Why exert oneself unnecessarily with morning or evening classes and sacrifice a hopefully good result and some years of freedom? Some, of course, are not allowed to

At the same time, working students want to carry on studying for two reasons. Firstly and obviously, to better job prospects and to have the added security of a higher degree. But it also acted as a break from the routine of work as you had your circle of friends and could enjoy the benefits of "college life" in spite of having a job. Most working students spoke of this dual system working out very well where one pattern of life and work acts as a break or variety from the other.

Among all the students I spoke to I found Ruta Chavan the only

[illegible] girl, as the [illegible] She spoke of some pretty unusual experiences while starting work. On the first day [illegible] the workers, startled to have a girl supervise their work, [illegible] shy, polite and very silent. But soon enough, Ruta's boyish "bindaas" attitude, her slang, and open declaration of her lack of working experience brought a close rapport between her and the workers. Though, at first they couldn't figure out why a girl coming from her financially

phinstone College, Amol Divkar, pointed out, the question of independence was also there, but it was more a case of deciding that it was high time to stand on one's own feet. Parents expected you to earn your own living and pay for your own education. Male students coming from quite affluent families wanted to stand on their own feet to feel less obliged to and dependent on their parents.

one who was a little rueful about having taken up a job while studying law, three months ago. Though she doesn't regret having started working, everything didn't turn out to be as beautiful and happy a picture as she had dreamt. She is very satisfied with the sort of work she is doing. After working for a college magazine she had become interested in the technical side of producing a magazine, done a

comfortable background needed to work, they got to know that there are other reasons which motivate a girl to look for a job.

But Ruta felt that she had got her freedom at a great cost. She spent so much time earning her living that she didn't know when she could make use of this freedom. The non-working girl student has to be back home by a certain time, but at least she has the whole day to herself to do exactly as she likes. Now her day at the office was planned out for her by somebody else and she just had to follow orders.

Relationships were changing. Slowly she semed to be slipping out of the student world. There is some change and she wonders who has changed, she or her college friends. She's begun to get more detached from her family. Somehow, things in the office cause more excitement and involvement than things happening at home. And though her parents can't stop her from doing what she likes, their parental concern and love still make it necessary for her to answer to them for most things. It's different meeting people now. Previously, after one cup of tea, she felt that this fellow college student was a friend, now he or she was just a character observed in a detached manner.

Rudraksh Mehta, who works as an executive while studying Law, threw an interesting light on the various advantages of being a working student. He said that till the age of thirty a person's mind is more alive, growing and constantly changing. After that period as his mind grows static, he accepts a more placid life. In early age, to get into the typical life pattern of a typical executive is too much of a drag. His college friends provide variety, more stimulating discussions. The fact that he has got a job does not make him over emphasize the need to study hard, while

Although life for a working student may be more difficult than for those who have no need to work, it has some important advantages, too

ABOVE: They take up jobs in offices and factories so long as the hours of work leave them free to attend morning or evening classes.

RIGHT: Modelling is perhaps the most pleasant job for a working girl student.

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the fact that he is still a student gives him the security of switching jobs and finding the field he is best suited to.

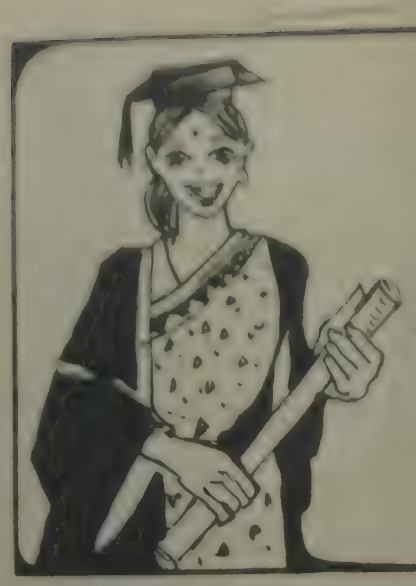
Daniel Pinto, an undergraduate student who works as an outdoor sales clerk, spoke of now being able to utilize his time more fruitfully and constructively than when he had no job. Lalita Shroff, doing her B.Com. from M.M.K. college and working as an accountant, also spoke of her job as a means of widening her sphere in life. It's different and better meeting mature and intelligent people and it's easier to talk and work with people of the opposite sex, ever since she began working. Previously she would only sit with other college girls and talk about films, stitching and cooking classes.

Busy making dolls and then busy with their books.

To Jayshree and Vandana, who work as a telephone operator and clerk, while doing Law and M.A. respectively, the fact of taking up a job moved them from the life and status of being a "typical girl" to a working girl. It was an incentive and got social sanction for moving out of the sphere of the home. Jayshree's mother, in spite of everything, expects her to settle down as "a happily married housewife," whereas Jayshree wants to carry on working — hoping to get a better job than her present one. Vandana spoke about the reality of the experience of working. One hears about corruption, but her job had made it clear to her what corruption in a bureaucracy really meant. Most girls agreed that total independence was only possible if they broke away from their families. This of course, is not possible for most working students, as graduates or undergraduates with just a year or two of work experience cannot get jobs good enough to let them support themselves.

Sitaram Shetty is doing his First Year B.A. while working in the Elphinstone College canteen. He is doing a correspondence course because his working hours (7 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.) do not permit him to attend morning college even if any college offered the old BA. course. The correspondence course offers lectures in the evening at two centres — Siddarth College in South Bombay and Ruparel College in Matunga. Though Sitaram works and stays in the Fort area, his roll number makes it necessary for him to go to Matunga for lectures. By the time he reaches Ruparel, it is too late and he is too tired to attend classes. He has done his schooling in Kannada and now he is expected to answer papers in English. All this makes it impossible for him to do adequately well. In the meantime, though he had registered his name in the Government Employment Agency he hasn't yet heard from them — for three years. He had applied twice for the post of a peon but got no answer. Sitaram spoke of some of those who should be fellow students being rude to him in the canteen because of his being a canteen cashier, and some giving him "respect" only when they heard he had studied so far. In desperation Sitaram can think of only one way out — get a passport and go abroad.

The working student therefore gets the added practical education of work experience. He or she, in spite of being the same age as the ordinary student, is looked upon as more mature, grown-up, responsible, an independent individual, not a sheltered child. There is less interference from parents, who now don't constantly emphasize the need to study as they did before, as they feel that their son or daughter can manage on their own. The experience a working student gains while working — handling accounts, dealing with cash, making business deals, contacts and important decisions — creates a self-assurance which comes in useful in other spheres of life. Of course, it means missing out on other aspects of student life where, for that short period, you can take life for granted, leaving things to work out for themselves, with so much freedom and so much free time that one doesn't know what to do with it.



EDUCATION WITH A VIEW TO EARNING A LIVING

Attitudes that once dictated that the earlier a girl was married off the better, and that her education was just incidental, seem to be changing, at least in metropolitan cities. However slow the process, the idea seems to be emerging that a girl's self-reliance is important

Amita Sarwal

Since Independence, it has been strongly emphasised, on several occasions and by several leaders, that women's education is very important in building up a new society, and for creating intelligent and socially aware participants in the life of the country. But statistics show that there has been limited progress in this respect. From a mere 8 per cent in 1947, the number of women who go in for college education and post-graduation has gone up to about 20 per cent today. At the graduate level, the ratio of boys to girls is 3 : 1. Thus, women remain an underprivileged lot in the field of higher education.

Who is responsible for this? Parents? Young women themselves? Or the norms of society? To find the general attitudes towards girls going for higher education, we interviewed a cross-section of people in Bombay.

There is 19-year-old Yesu, who has her future all chalked out, determined not to follow in her older sisters' footsteps and join their lot as ayahs. She has completed her SSC and will now go in for a Teacher's Training course.

"One is certainly treated with more respect as a teacher or a nurse than as an ayah," she says. "Most of my classmates at school are going in for further studies these days with a view to earning their living and bettering their future prospects. Many do get married straight after school, but it's becoming more uncommon."

Her father, Daniel Rajan, with his hair graying at the temples, has an air of dignity and pride about him, and the bearing of one who has seen better days but has now fallen on difficult times. He works with the renowned writer, Mulk Raj Anand, as his veritable Man Friday. His reason for wanting his children to study are two-fold.

"Firstly, by educating them I hope to be able to inculcate the value of learning in them, so that they carry it on and educate their children. Secondly, at the time of marriage, the educated girl not only stands a better chance of getting a good match, but her dowry 'price' is likely to be a little lower."

His biggest regret is that he had to curtail the education of his two older daughters when he left his village. "Hindi was the problem. Having just learnt English and Konkani, it was too late for them to start on a new language. Thus, they are working as domestic helps," he explains.

Thinking along an entirely different line is Pujari, a peon, who has been with Air India for over three decades. His 16-year-old daughter, Nalinakshi, got married a few months ago while still at school. "My wife was very much against this disruption of her schooling, but we had to consider a very vital factor — we had received a good matrimonial offer, and couldn't pass it by. Anyway, every woman will eventually be a housewife," he says.

At the same time, he is not against the idea of her completing her schooling, but "not just yet — she must settle down to her new life first. Then there is always plenty of time. Of course, much depends upon what her husband wants her to do."

As far as the education of his son goes — he is now in the second year of Junior College—Pujari intends to let him study. In his case, the father is also practical in his outlook. "My boy will have to earn in order to pay his tuition fees. Just going in for a graduate course is useless, and a waste of time and money, so he will have to take up a technical training course that will enable him to work part time," he says.

Going up the social ladder. I met two charming young collegiates — Anita and Ashok Gupta. Their father is a senior Central Government employee.

After her graduation, Anita did a one-year post-graduate diploma course in Travel and Tourism from the Sophia College Polytechnic. While awaiting her results, she has been scouting around for jobs. Her experience is that most girls today go in for strictly job-oriented courses — usually the diploma ones, such as those offered in advertising, textile designing, commercial art, interior decoration, journalism, etc.

"Besides the fact that these are generally shorter in duration, we girls feel that we stand a better chance of a job in these spheres, rather than the predominantly male-dominated ones like engineering, C.A., Business Management or something. But mind you, girls who have the brains and the aptitude have made quite a mark in these fields as well," she points out.

Her mother, Mrs. Bhagirathi Gupta, is a firm believer in keeping up with the times. "A girl must be equipped to earn her living in today's world. A mere degree is not sufficient, for one can't get a job with just a degree in hand." A graduate herself, with a Prabhakar (Hons.) in Hindi from Punjab University, she recalls her days when "being a mere housewife and mother was all that was expected of a woman. Yet today I am very proud to see a large number of my contemporaries going in for further studies — at this age — and then following it up with jobs."

Mrs. Gupta feels that being in a big city with so many opportunities has contributed greatly to Anita choosing to do a course to suit her temperament, interests and aptitude. Had they been posted in a small town, the daughter would invariably have gone in blindly for an M.A. degree, for lack of choice if nothing else.

Ashok intends doing Business Management after his graduation from Elphinstone College. He does reveal streaks of male chauvinism, as do many young men who look very modern. For example, he is of the opinion that certain spheres can never be taken over or even entered to any great extent by women. He goes on to explain, "Take Business Management. Women, because of the circumstances, or their mental make-up, aren't suitable for marketing or sales jobs."

He doesn't think that institutions which restrict the number of admissions for girls to a ridiculously low percentage are being unfair. "For, although I admit that economically a girl is as productive as a man, there are very few who can give unstinted time and attention to their jobs." He firmly believes in a woman's top priority being her home and children. Therefore, he feels vehemently that girls should go in for specialized courses only if they are determined to work. Besides the fact that otherwise they are unfairly depriving a boy who would work, of a seat, they would also be wasting the money the nation spends on each student.

Sangita Shingal is an independent-minded, modern young woman. A second year student at the Indian Institute of Management, Calcutta, she had always wanted a career in management. "I didn't qualify at the first go, so I spent a year doing my M.A. and then appeared again," she admits frankly. Her parents are equally modern in their outlook. "They are given to the idea of us being independent — and we three sisters took up advanced studies with a career in view."

Like Anita, she too finds most girls from upper middle class families going in for job-oriented studies. But this is not the case among the very rich, she says. Most girls from that bracket of society mark time till wedding bells ring for them. Sangita cites the example of a classmate who got married just a month before graduating. When asked why she didn't appear for the exams. after having put in three whole years of work, she replied, "Well, in my kind of society they aren't going to set much store by my degree, so it means nothing to me. College was just a means of passing time till my marriage, and also of experiencing a bit of freedom."

And then Sangita added ruefully, "So long as there are girls with this attitude we will remain the underprivileged sex." But she does her bit, for, as she puts it, "When everyone talks about women's lib, it bugs me. For we aren't the ones to be liberated. It's the men — from their double standards and restricted views."

Another Management trainee in the offing is Amita Sarwal (my

Continued on page 43

NAVA NIR

REASSURANCE THAT SOCIETY CARES

She has a bunch of keys that fitted the locks to rooms, cupboards, trunks and boxes which she collected when she got married, over a century ago. Today they hold a host of memories, and Kartiyani Mukherjee, at 70-plus, is still very possessive about them. She lost them once while gardening at her present home, Nava Nir, and wept for days on end till they were fortunately, recovered. Before they were found, all the residents contributed keys and made a bunch for her, but it wasn't the same and she couldn't be convinced into accepting it. One wonders what memories that bunch holds, but she fondles them lovingly off and on, with a far away look and a glitter in her eyes, and smiles at the kaleidoscopic moments she must be reliving.

Kartiyani was staying with her daughter when they heard of the Nava Nir being inaugurated. She was one of its first residents and, after the initial feeling of "being discarded by the family," she settled in beautifully. By the way she "bosses" over all and sundry at the Nava Nir, it seems as if she is as much at home here as she must have been in her own place. Being fond of gardening, she potters around for hours, weeding the garden and nurturing her plants. And she has "adopted" everyone of the organisers concerned — for example, Aloka Mitra, who very competently and affectionately takes on the "internal management," of Nava Nir, is her "nathni" (grand-daughter). Besides her, there are 20 other residents in the the temporarily-rented premises of Nava Nir at 30 Ashoka Avenue, Tollygunje, Calcutta.

In this city, as in most other cities of India, homes for the aged are mainly run by Christian charitable organisations and missions. This inevitably resulted in that particular religious community taking care of their own old, while non-Christians had no alternative but to keep their aged folk at home. Of course, there was also the prevailing social stigma stemming from the question, "What will people say if I don't keep my old mother/father/grandparents with me?" Little realising that this kind of arrangement could be a strain not only on the younger generation, but also on the older one (because it is often not realised that they also needed the company of people their own age and their own kind, and that, while their playing with the grandchildren was definitely out of love and affection, it could also be due to lack of other conducive company).

Thus, when the Women's Co-ordinating Council, with its 82 coordinating constituents and other friends, decided to commemorate the International Women's Year (1975) with the pioneering venture, "Nava Nir," Home for the Aged, the project was welcomed with enthusiasm by the residents of Calcutta and the neighbouring towns.

As its Chairman, Mr. Rusi B. Gimi, aptly puts it, "Old age is a time for contented retirement after a weary life of work and worry. But loneliness, insecurity and fear blight the lives of those who are neither affluent nor able to get (or desirous of getting) succour and personal care from relatives. We invest a lot of care and concern in our children and our youth but overlook the aged."

One of the reasons for the sense of neglect and loneliness of our aged is, quite possibly, the disintegration of the joint family system (inevitable as it is in the modern context).

So Nava Nir was started with the dual objective of making old people feel "wanted," reassuring them that society cared, and making the aged a viable part of the social structure. At the moment it is exclusively for women, but they intend to take in couples latter. To this end, they provide not just board, lodging, and medicare facilities for the old, but — most important of all — emotional therapy.

The home is not a charitable institution and it charges a sum of Rs. 155 per month (Rs. 110 for food and Rs. 45 for maintenance). But there are some exceptions to the rule — like Sudhabati Ray who, because she is unable to pay, compensates by helping out in the kitchen and thus "earning her keep."

Among the residents, there is Mrs. Pushpa Bose, who at 73 joined the home because her son travels constantly and her daughter-in-law works. She also had an initial feeling that she was being "thrown out," but the authorities at the home were soon able to help her get over this. And the love and care her family still bestows on her has helped her settle down amidst her new surroundings. The initial depression has gone and she has resumed part of her work. A well-known writer of novels, articles and plays in her younger days, she also used to give talks over the radio. But she let age get the better of her and neglected all her interests. However, these are slowly being resumed. She is going over her manuscripts, which her son will get published for her. With a sense of new-found pride she mentions that many of her works form part of the collection in Nava Nir's library.

There are also women who come from affluent families. One such person is Smritikana Mitter, affectionately known as "Dolly." She has just one daughter, who maintains her. Finances were not among her reasons for coming to Nava Nir. Dolly's main interest is the cleanliness of the place, and the meticulous manner in which she keeps her room is a proof of her fastidious nature.

And then there is Mrs. Prem Kusum Das Gupta, who was the Headmistress of a school in Indore for 30 years. For two years prior to coming to the home, she lived alone, and the loneliness had begun to make her miserable. She has adjusted very well to life in Nava Nir.

Nava Nir provides many recreational facilities. There is a radio and a T.V. set. All festivals and national days are celebrated at the home. The latest addition to the festivities is the celebration of residents' birthdays.

As the authorities concerned say, "Our main aim is to make them feel useful. Those who are able to, still make their beds and wash their own dishes and clothes — if they so desire. Activity is their biggest morale-booster, and although we all initiate them, they have to take it up themselves. It is rewarding to see the change that has come over several of these women. From a situation where a sense of despondency and disinterest in life had overcome them and they were just waiting for time to pass, they now want to live. And they have a sense of purpose and the determination to do so."

A. S.

LEFT: "Those were the days..." Kartiyani, with keys, and friend.

BELOW: Exchanging notes over a cuppa.

full of crushed ice, a trick he had picked up at the Playboy Club in London. He liked to show through gestures rather than words that he had been about a little in his time although he had given up most of the travelling part of his business when he married. Leela had not wanted him to do this—she knew how much he had enjoyed his jet setting life — but he had been adamant. He had seen what happened to the most trusting of western married couples when one or the other of the partners was absent a great deal. His under-graduate life at a British University had made him, in a strange way, more Indian. He disliked what he termed decadent western habits, particularly in women. For instance, he would never have married Leela if she had short hair, smoked or drank an occasional gin and tonic.

Leela sat opposite him on the sofa, her evening face ready with concern. In three years he had never come home to find her anything but full of concern, welcome and interest. She had learnt from her old fashioned mother, who followed Indian customs meticulously despite her fashionably cosmopolitan appearance, that a man is entitled to be selfish at the end of the day. He needs to come home to a wife who casts aside the petty cares of her own day and is all sympathy for his. After all, the man is the bread winner. On this score she never ever let him down. She was always there in a freshly draped saree, chevda in little bowls and with her supervision of the evening meal completed.

In the warm glow of their sitting room, designed by the most sought after interior decorator in Bombay, he studied her face. She appeared so innocent! A sharp burst of suspicion passed through him. She had not been in when he had phoned to check whether they were going out for dinner that night. He usually rang her up at that time. He tended to be a person of habit. He had rung again at a quarter past five, and half past. There was still no answer and he had left for home.

Then, of course, the traffic had never been so heavy, and she was waiting for him on the settee, her crisp mauve saree immaculate. He had managed not to ask her where she had been. Now, he studied the familiar patterns of the room, aware that he was seeking something as he looked at the framed prints on the stark white walls, plump, geometrically printed cushions on leather upholstered chairs, the vases full of intricate

[illegible] their [illegible] which he was so fond of. For a moment he found that every object in the room was backed by a strong light making them appear strange and unreal. He struggled with the illusion, fighting it like the end of a nightmare and pressed his fingers against the icy glass until the room returned to normal. First signs of flu, he thought, or perhaps, as Leela had said so often just recently, he worked too hard.

"So what have you been up to this afternoon?"

Leela looked surprised. She shrugged. "Nothing much, the pest control people came this afternoon." There was a lift in her voice, an unusual brightness. She paused. "We had better hurry up. They asked us to be there by half past."

The brandy had melted the feeling of unease that he had had, replacing it with warmth. He asked Leela what she was going to wear. She smiled and said that it was to be a surprise. He felt much better. Leela's smile, with its power to reassure, had become a part of his existence. The spell of black fantasy, the signs of flu were over.

She surprised him in a delicate, gauzy moon coloured chiffon saree that he had not seen before. Anil frequently suggested that she should buy new clothes, but with a highly developed sense of economy when it came to other people's money, Leela rarely took advantage of his encouragement. When she did, Anil was always pleased.

They drove through a faint drizzle to Bandra. At dinner, Anil was aware of every movement his wife made at the other end of the table. She was listening carefully to the man on her left who was talking about Satyajit Ray's latest film. Anil heard the words "evocative" and "significant" several times and saw Leela smile brightly. Ah! She was intent on self-education. For someone who hadn't been too enthusiastic about coming to this business dinner party she was now revelling in the young engineer industrialist's company. Smiling, smiling almost constantly.

Anil sharply pushed back his plate. The lobster thermidor suddenly sickened him. The pain of suspicion stabbed at him again.

Anil was a man of instincts, as he often claimed. Several years back, when he was in England, he had suddenly had a strong feeling that the train he was about to catch would crash and he had waited for the next one. The train he should have caught had been involved in one of the worst crashes of the decade. Another time, while on a game reserve in Ceylon, he had heard with alarming clarity, a voice telling him to turn the Landrover around because a rogue elephant was about to charge it

Now his instinct was at work again, gripping him in its dreadful conviction. Leela after only three years of marriage was being unfaithful to him. To make matters worse, she was being as blatant about it as any western woman! The previously innocent, once embarked upon deceit, usually have the most skill. Here she was not six feet away from him, putting on a fantastic show. No one would guess that she and Ranjit — the arrogant engineer — had spent afternoons, and days and months for all he knew, together, not just talking about the relative merits of Indian film directors either. What a fool he had been not to have suspected it before!

Anil's mind jerked back to other occasions when they had met Ranjit with mutual friends in Bangalore. Leela had always made it a point to pay him special attention, asking him questions and listening to his answers with attentive eyes. She had said, he remembered, that Ranjit was shy. Shy!

There is an Othello in every husband, however enlightened he may consider himself to be

Mikki Hariani

Anil refused the dessert, the coffee and the brandy. The heat of the room constricted him and made him feel distinctly claustrophobic; the candle flames irritated his eyes. Only years of training in the art of politeness enabled him to get involved in a discussion about a new play, with the couple at the end of the table.

After dinner, he muttered his excuses to their host and dragged a surprised Leela to their car. She was extremely concerned about his uncharacteristic rudeness, but it was raining, raining hard and the wind-screen wipers had been stolen, so Anil had to concentrate on the driving.

The next morning, the feeling of unease had died. On his way to work Anil convinced himself that he was being ridiculous. It had been his imagination, again perhaps owing to overwork. He spent two hours contentedly reading through a long report, able to give it his full attention. At eleven thirty, Leela phoned. This was unusual. There was some

SUSPICION

minor problem regarding the servicing of her car. The conversation was brief. Leela ended by saying, "See you at the usual time then."

It was only when he had put down the receiver that Anil realised what Leela had done. By ringing him then, she was making sure that he would not discover her absence. She would have no need to lie.

Anil's afternoon passed in a turmoil of disbelief. At five, hand shaking, he rang her. No answer.

Leela's cheeks were flushed again, and again, apart from that it was a perfectly normal evening. They watched television and had dinner at nine.

The next day Anil spent a great deal of time telling himself that there was nothing to worry about; that his imagination was getting the better of him; that he was a suspicious idiot. He phoned Leela at five, but again there was no answer. This went on for a fortnight. Anil was a nervous wreck. The canker of suspicion had spread until he could neither eat nor sleep, yet the basic habit of maintaining appearances kept him going. Though within him a devil voice shouted continuous accusations at Leela, outwardly he was calm and friendly. They continued to lead their lives in a more or less normal manner, but Anil had acquired the habit of leaping up and answering the telephone each time it rang.

Then one morning, after a particularly bad night, he went into the living room early to find Leela talking animatedly on the phone. When she saw him she cut short the conversation quickly, but Anil distinctly heard her say "see you later then."

They had breakfast. Anil refrained with great difficulty from asking her whom she had been speaking to, but could scarcely gulp down his coffee. He drove to his office in a dream to attend a meeting at which he took no active part. His colleagues gave him uneasy looks. It was obvious that they thought there was something physically wrong with him.

When he got home that evening, Leela showed him a card. It was an invitation to a cocktail party given by Ranjit. Anil thrust it aside hastily. "We are not going to it."

Leela seemed surprised. "Why not? It should be fun."

"Well, I'm not going. I don't like Ranjit and I detest his friends. They all drink too much and talk even more."

"Oh, Anil," Leela did not say anything else but she looked disappointed.

Anil swore loudly. Leela smiled up at him. "There is no need to shout. I don't really mind not going."

"Don't lie to me Leela!"

The roar of Anil's voice shook the room. "Go to the damn party if you want to, I don't care!" He shook violently and hit her hard, badly bruising her face. Then he shut himself up in the study for the rest of the evening.

The next morning he apologised to her. All she said was, "I really think you ought to see a doctor." There was a purple bruise on her face. Anil was conscience stricken.

A few weeks later, Anil was sitting at his desk trying hard to concentrate on the work before him, when the phone rang. It was Leela. She sounded breathless.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but could you possibly take the afternoon off?"

"Well, I suppose so, but why?"

"It is quite important to me, but I don't want to tell you about it on the phone."

"All right, be mysterious if you want to. I'll see you at one." He put away his work.

Leela greeted him at the door. They had their lunch in silence. Afterwards, Leela asked him to drive her to one of the large hotels in town. He did so in silence and followed Leela into the hotel and down endless corridors until they came to the hall where exhibitions were held. She led him into the room. The walls were covered with paintings — abstracts.

Someone tapped him on the shoulder. It was Ranjit. Anil was startled. "Aren't you proud of Leela? Her paintings are so unusual."

Anil's head swam. He looked at the brochure that Ranjit had pressed into his hand. It read "A One-Woman Exhibition of Abstract Paintings By Leela Mehta." Anil's stunned mind registered the fact that the proceeds of the exhibition were to aid a charitable organisation the President of which was Ranjit.

People crowded round him, congratulating him on his talented wife. Leela came up to him. "Is it really such a surprise? Didn't you see the notice in the papers?"

Still weak from shock and relief, he felt normality seep back into him and refrained from smiling for fear of looking foolish. His damned instincts had nearly destroyed him. When they got home, Leela would enjoy recounting the difficulties of carrying out her project secretly. They would resume their normal lives. Anil would listen quietly. Knowing the wisdom of occasional silence in marriage, he would admit only one thing: that in all truth he had not guessed that she was such an excellent painter.

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FROM THE HAMLETS OF RAJASTHAN

Rajasthan is rich in handicrafts. Endowed with an aesthetic sense and innate love of form and colour, the hereditary craftsmen have been creating captivating items for centuries.

At an exhibition held in Bombay by Jyotsna Capoor of Ajmer, were on view attractive leather items — jooties, belts, bags and purses, lampshades and folding stools — all exquisitely hand-embroidered; quilted chadars, jackets and wall-hangings; brightly woven carpets, cushion covers and tablemats; dress and furnishing materials and sarees in unusual designs; wood work and a host of other items.

Jyotsna has helped to create an urban market for these crafts by mobilising craftsmen living in far flung hamlets around Aimer, and utilising their skill. The "reaggars" (those belonging to the mochi or chamar caste) have perforce become skilled in treating and tanning hide, as they are the only ones who will handle dead cattle. Hand-embroidered leather work is a speciality of this class.

The "ralli" chadar quilted in fine muslin or khadi, has been traditionally used for seating guests and is spread on a takht or a charpoi. This craft has now been adapted to jackets, cushion covers, wall-hangings and quilts.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

Kamal Aurora

DIFFICULT NOISES TO MAKE

This can be made into a game with two teams making the noises and a grown up 'judge' selecting which team has made the right noise. You can try making these noises on your own too or dare your friend to do so. All the best!

Scratching a balloon
Switching off the light
Dropping a pin
Pouring water
Bursting a paper bag
Breaking a glass
Winding a clock
Cleaning cutlery
Gargling with water
Opening a newspaper
Snoring at night
Bouncing a ball

WHAT ANIMAL IS THIS ?

Here are names of animals which have mixed up spellings. Find the right spelling and name the animal.

DANAP
ARBE
OXF
OCKC
RIRSQEUL
HEEPNA

FIND THE MOTOR PARTS

Here are a list of words. Of these, 6 words are names of parts that make a motor car. Find the motor parts.

CHAIR
BODY
COIN
WHEEL
SPRINGS
CHEEK
PLANT
HORN
HERON
ENGINE
DOOR

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

"Who can laugh the loudest?" asked a fat, curly haired boy during recess. "HA HA HA!" he laughed loudly.

'That's no good," said Kum Kum Kumari Kumaramangalikam. "Let us see who can laugh the funniest and make us all laugh."

"Yes," agreed Omphy Momphy Tuk Tuk and Longakerry Dongakerry Mun Mun. Both the boys used their full names these days because Kum Kum always showed off with her long name.

"HA HA HA!" laughed the fat boy holding his stomach and shaking like jelly. Everyone began to smile. One or two children giggled.

"HEE HEE HEE!" laughed a tall, thin girl and stretched her neck in a funny way each time she laughed. She really looked like a giraffe! Many children laughed at her. She was really funny.

"HO HO HO HOHOO HOOO-OOO!" laughed a small boy with a round face. His face became like a balloon each time he pursed his mouth.

"HO HA HOOO HAAA HEE HEE HEE!" The pretty little girl who laughed like this shook her head round and round each time she laughed. Many children began to laugh at this funny sight.

Then it was Mun Mun's turn. "AH HA-HA-HA AAAH HAAA OOH HO-HO OH HOOO HOO,"

he laughed clutching his hair and doing a war dance. Everyone was making a lot of noise laughing at Mun Mun, so no one saw the teacher come and stand behind.

"My turn," said Kum Kum and went into the middle of the circle. She rolled her eyes and stuck her finger in her ears. She puffed out her cheeks and held her breath. Just when she looked as if she would burst, she began to laugh: "EEH EEH EEH HEH HEH HEH." It was as if a balloon had burst and a lot of funny noises were coming out of it. Everyone clapped and cheered and laughed. She was really very good and was making everyone laugh.

When Omphy Momphy walked into the middle of the circle, he stood for a moment with his hands in his pocket. He put his fingers under his armpits and tickled himself. "I think I've forgotten how to laugh!" he said with a sad face. Everyone began to smile at Omphy Momphy.

Omphy Momphy tickled himself some more, doubled up on the ground, screwed his eyes shut and opened his mouth to laugh...but there was no sound. Omphy Momphy rolled all over the ground and puckered up his face as if he was dying of laughter...but without any sound.

"HA HA HA! HO HO! HEE HEE!" the whole crowd of children couldn't stop laughing. Each time Omphy Momphy pointed at some one and opened his mouth...all the children would laugh and laugh. Soon no one could stop laughing...and they laughed and laughed till the bell rang and Omphy Momphy had to stop his soundless laughter.

By this time almost all the children were sitting on the ground and holding their stomachs as they laughed and laughed. Suddenly Ommphy Momphy saw the teacher. He stared at her. She too was laughing!

Omphy Momphy began to laugh again...this time loudly and all the children seeing the teacher laughing too, joined in again.

"Omphy Momphy's laugh was the funniest," said Kum Kum shaking hands with him.

"It was Kum Kum's idea," said Omphy Momphy and Mun Mun, "and everyone had a really funny time!" Still laughing, the children went into class. It had been good fun!

ANSWERS :

WHAT ANIMAL IS THIS?

Panda, bear, fox, cock, squirrel, peahen.

FIND THE MOTOR PARTS ...

Body, wheel, springs, horn, engine, door.

KRISHNA ROY

ACCOLADE FOR ACTING

She has been on the Bengali stage for three decades now, and yet her zest for it has not flagged and she continues to dominate it

As she stands at the doorway of the hall receiving the guests with a warm smile, she beams with an almost childish glee. An expression of disbelief fills her eyes, and she does not speak. Happy is not the word; she is overwhelmed with joy. The occasion is a party in her honour. She is Mrs. Krishna Roy, the winner of the Sangeet Natak Akademi Award for Acting in Bengal for the year 1977.

Theatre became her career nearly three decades ago when she met Tarun Roy, an enthusiastic playwright, who was to become her husband later. Born in 1929, Krishna Roy was brought up in a family deeply involved in cultural activities. Divijendralal Roy, the famous playwright, was her uncle and Dilip Kumar Roy, her brother, is a renowned singer. This cultural heritage, which had been handed down from generation to generation in her family, flowed smoothly into her life, and soon Krishna was learning music and training for dance under Kelu Nair and Atamba Singh, the illustrious dancers.

Though a student of Science at college, Krishna was so dedicated to her cultural career, that she switched over to Dramatics in which she eventually acquired a diploma. Drama was already in her blood — all she needed to reach her ultimate aim was an encouraging husband like Tarun Roy. He is a versatile writer, and throughout his career, he has utilised his unique talent and experience for the furtherance of dramatic art and, with an almost missionary zeal. They married in 1952, and together launched a scintillating era of democratic drama in Bengal. They were devoted to their cause, and determined to build up a vital and dynamic theatre.

In 1953, they established the Theatre Centre in Calcutta as a branch of the International Theatre Institute of UNESCO. From a very modest beginning, the Theatre Centre gradually found its niche in the sphere of Drama as a pioneer organisation in the East, dedicated to the enrichment of dramatic art and the extension of its power. It has added a new dimension to the theatre world of Calcutta by creating enthusiasm among young artistes to experiment with unconventional styles and forms.

With the artistes who receive training at the drama school of the centre, new groups spring up bringing new strength to the theatre movement, which the Centre has always worked for. Project plays are organised by the students, and promising ones are included in the Centre's own team. With Mr. Tarun Roy as the Principal, and Mrs. Krishna Roy as lecturer and general secretary, the school is flourishing.

Though it is difficult to speak of Mrs. Roy apart from her husband, much needs to be said of the versatile actress herself. Having undergone training for make-up at the Leichner Studio in London, she returned a confident aspirant in the realm of the Indian professional stage. Earlier, she had acted in an amateur club called Mukhosh (Mask), but now she made her first professional entry on the Rang Mahal scene. And much to the appreciation of the audience, she proved to be an excellent portrayer of roles. In the course of three decades of stage acting, Krishna has played the lead roles in all the plays produced by the Theatre Centre — Kusum in "Athacha Sanjukta" (Even Sanjukta), Jahanara in "Shahjahan", the title role in "Saroshi" and the woman in "Parajita Nayak" (Defeated Leader). She has lived the roles through her sensitive interpretation. Critics say, "Diligence, controlled movements, quickly changing expressions and subtle nuances give her acting a wide range and unusual depth."

After having enacted a wide variety of roles, Mrs. Krishna Roy prefers to be cast in devotional roles today. "I am not particularly taken up by tragedies or comedies. The scope for creativity in devotional acting gives me an entirely different kind of satisfaction. But I also like plays which deal with modern social problems. From the technical aspect these offer fewer difficulties; artistes are at ease with their roles, there are no dress problems and, most important of all, as Stanislavsky said, an immediate rapport is established between the actors and the audience."

An assiduous student of drama, Krishna was greatly impressed by the World Theatre Festival in Nancy, France, where she and her husband had been invited to perform the play "Parajita Nayak". "People outside are ardent drama fans, and we felt proud to be Indians, when our play was so well accepted. It was a fascinating experience to see plays from all the world over."

I asked whether she was nursing any plans to direct a play. She seemed doubtful about it, but she did want to produce a musical comedy. Lack of capital is the obstacle here. Having danced in so many musical plays, when I enquired whether she still dances in any, she said that she usually avoids dance oriented plays though in a couple of them she still has to strike a pose or two.

Since this year, Mrs. Roy has given up lead roles in favour of Anuradha, her daughter-in-law, who is a promising actress. Her only son, Devraj, too, is a famous film and stage actor in Calcutta. She said, "Drama is our life. It is the be-all and end-all for us."

Thus all the four members of the family are deeply immersed in the spirit of the theatre. She narrated a recent incident which occurred at the Sangeet Natak Akademi where this drama family was being interviewed. When Devraj was asked whether he felt his mother was overengrossed with the Theatre Centre and had neglected him, he replied, "We were born together, Theatre Centre and myself. We have been reared like brothers. How can I complain?" This goes to prove how dedicated the whole family is in their commitment to the theatre. It has given them everything life offers and harmony reigns in their family.

Mrs. Roy's fame is not restricted to the stage only. Even though personally she is not in favour of a film career, she has made guest appearances in character roles in a couple of Bengali films, "Bikele Bhorer Phool" and "Natun Direr Alo".

"Film acting is not my cup of tea," she said. She considers theatre as the most creative form of entertainment. It is a living art and cannot die. To those who suggest that drama is on the wane, her answer is in the negative. Maybe for commercial and professional reasons the standard has gone down slightly, but on the whole drama is as vital as ever.

The real role of drama lies in awakening all men in all lands to their common destiny. Drama is human and therefore universal — not personal, not socio-sectional, not regional, not even national. It may have many faces to show, many tongues to speak with, but its soul is one. It is the vehicle of harmony and integration.

Susmita Singhi

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING FOR HERBERT'S DINNER?
I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET -
IT'S EITHER GOING TO BE CHICKEN BREASTS IN WINE OR DOVER SOLE STUFFED WITH CRAB MEAT -
?
ASPARAGUS IN HOLLANDAISE SAUCE OR BRAISED CELERY WITH CAPERS ... WILD RICE ... MUSHROOM SALAD -
SOUNDS GOOD.
OH, DEAR! HERE COMES HERBERT .... I'D BETTER GET BUSY!
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR CHORES -
WOW! SOMETHING SURE SMELLS GOOD! I WONDER WHAT IT IS?
IT'S EMILY'S PERFUME -
4-16
YOU'RE TAKING HER OUT TO DINNER!
!
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L. WOMAN

HAHA world of laughter

Mr. Milton whose wife delivered a child five months after marriage went to his doctor to enquire the reason.

"Don't worry young man," said the doctor. "This happens sometimes in the case of the first child, but never afterwards."

• • •

A very pretty girl in Hot Springs, Arkansas, had a persistent but unwanted suitor in New York. When she refused to see him any longer, he resorted to an intensive mail campaign, sending her a special-delivery letter twice a day for forty-seven days. On the forty-eighth day his strategy produced results. The girl eloped with the mailman.

• • •

Little Billy lost his hold,
Fell into the contrete mould,
At last he has turned out to be,
A pillar of society.

• • •

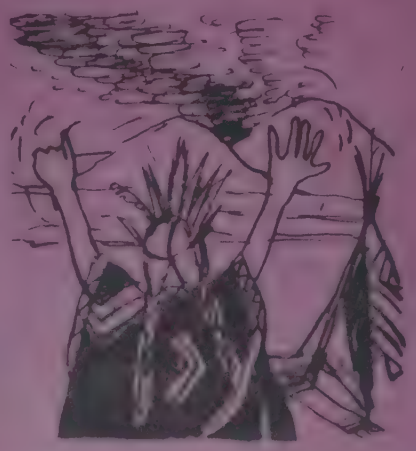
A woman once told me that all her little boy needed was a pat on the back. I told her if it was low enough and hard enough, it would do a lot of good.

• • •

An Indian chief, head of a Nevade tribe, drove into Las Vegas for a bit of gambling and was wiped out quickly. He climbed to the top of Mt. Charleston and sent smoke signals to his tribe asking for money.

The tribe signalled back, "For what do you need the money?"

Before the chief could reply, a group of scientists from the Atomic Energy Commission detonated an atomic charge in the desert. A tremendous mushroom of smoke rose from the earth, darkening the sky.



Promptly the tribe signalled, "All right, all right, sending the money — just don't holler."

• • •

And to my nephew who always kept telling me that health is more important than all the money in the world I leave the entire contents of my second floor closet — my sun lamp.

• • •

Then there was the Scot who found a way to save money on his honeymoon. He went alone.

• • •

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scot. "I'm going to shoot you both."

• • •

They stopped the crime wave in Scotland by putting up a sign over the jailhouse saying: "ANYONE CAUGHT AND PUT IN JAIL WILL HAVE TO PAY HIS BOARD AND LODGING."

• • •

I went to a very odd kind of charity auction. Everybody was told to bring something they didn't have any use for. 68 women brought their husbands.

• • •

A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was five or ten cents. Finally the disgruntled conductor picked up the Scotsman's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as it passed over a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Mon," screamed the Scot, "isn't it enough to try to overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy!"

• • •

A Korean whose home was in Seol
Had notions uncommonly droll,
He'd get himself stewed
And pose in the nude
On top of a telephone pole.

Compiled by George Fegrador

VIDYA SINHA:

A CERTAIN LACK OF AMBITION

N. Bharathi

Vidya Sinha said, "Come over right away. I'm quite **faltu** these days." "Rather surprising," I told myself. Generally a two-shift artiste, how could Vidya cheerfully admit that she was **faltu**? The reason was as straightforward as Vidya herself is. The month had been chalked out in her diary for a leisurely trip abroad. But on reaching London she'd received an SOS from a producer who needed her in Bombay for a day's work. She obliged and came back to keep her commitment.

The rest of the month in her diary showed a blank. Vidya had dreams of taking it easy, sittting for a whole day in the salon bleaching herself all over, meeting friends, sitting around at home, seeing movies... in short, leading the relaxed life she's been missing ever since she became a film star. But no such luck. No sooner did her producers get wind of her availability for shooting, than they descended on her. "I am shooting from the day after tomorrow onwards," she sighed.

Holidays do wonders to people who lead hectic, hassle-filled lives. And Vidya is no exception. The two-week holiday away from Bombay (she went to Tashkent for the Film Festival) has brought about a change that is really striking. Her eyes have regained their old sparkle, her skin has a new glow and her face looks bright and cheerful. Besides, she seems keen to pick up old threads and give her career the face-lift it so badly needs.

The trouble with Vidya Sinha has been her lack of ambition. "I am happy as I am. I have never aspired to be the topmost star or to be a millionaire. Whatever I have got is enough to keep me happy," she says. In her career too, she doesn't go out of her way to bag prize assignments.

In Tashkent, Vidya Sinha was part of a group of Indian artistes that included Shashi Kapoor, Shabana, Smita, Padmini Kapila, etc. "We had a terrific time there. Shashi used to take all of us sight-seeing." Vidya didn't really want to talk of the movies screened there — most of them were heavy. They were the counterparts of our "Kitaab" — educational and far from entertaining. "I'm not the only one who didn't see many films. All of us could sit through only half of the movies."

From Tashkent she went to London. "I couldn't do anything there. I was far away from friends like Romu Sippy, so I couldn't meet them often. In any case, the day after I landed I got a message asking me to come back to Bombay for the shooting of 'Atithee'. I got hardly half a day for shopping."

She borrowed cash from a friend and bought small things like key chains, perfumes, tooth brushes and a watch for her husband. Perfumes are a passion with her — she has an enviable stock. In Russia she and Shabana Azmi spent most of their time and money on cut-glass. Vidya has picked up this habit of storing household articles. "It's all for my new flat," she explained while she packed them in her cupboard.

Vidya took out a black saree and displayed it. "I bought it in London and I'm going to wear it tonight for the premiere." The premiere was of course that of "Satyam Shivam Sundaram" — the film Vidya Sinha was offered but had to opt out of because of inborn inhibitions. "Raj Kapoor showed the film in Tashkent, but I missed it. So I must see it tonight," she said.

Married to a South Indian businessman (a warm, friendly man called Venkat), Vidya Sinha is more of a housewife than a film star. As soon as I entered her house she said, "Have you come straight from work? You look tired. Relax while I get you some coffee. We'll talk afterwards." Then she went into the kitchen and came out with **murukkus** and **laddoos** to go with a hot cup of filter coffee — South Indian style.

Vidya has a split personality. While she is totally at home in the kitchen and very fond of housework, she is also fond of working. Before becoming a film star, she was a receptionist with a firm and took up modelling too. So, even if she hadn't entered the film industry she'd still have been a working woman.

And, thankfully, her husband not only understands her temperament but is also glad that she's developing an individuality of her own. Like he once said, "There was a time when Vidya needed me around for little, little things. There were days when I'd come home late and find her asleep with all the lights on! It makes me feel good to see her shed her fear and do things on her own."

Whatever the demands of her career, one thing Vidya is sure of is her husband. "We have mutual understanding. I hate dancing and going to discos. But he likes it, so I let him go with his friends. I trust him completely and I know that he'll never let me down."

Vidya is also sure that however strong her own personality, it has to be complemented by her husband. "I can't stay without him," she says simply.

Perhaps that's why it hurt all the more when folks out here in the industry thought she was in London to meet producer-director-good friend Raj Tilak secretly. Several people asked her whether he was there with her and a few more rang up (while I was with her) to make kind enquiries about her friend. Vidya made it clear that Raj Tilak was not only absent but that she had no idea what his programme was. She is not working in his next film and is therefore seeing less of him these days.

Vidya Sinha's next film, "Pati Patni aur Woh" is now lined up for release. "It was relaxing to do this film. You'll like it. It's light and entertaining. And Haribhai (Sanjeev) is terrific in it."

The film was shot in one stretch, which made it easy to work. Besides, she's on home ground with the Chopras who gave her her first big break after "Rajnigandha" ("Chhotisi Baat"). Of course, one cannot forget that Sanjeev is an actor she greatly admires. "He's a nice person too. It's relaxing to work with him."

Shatrughan Sinha is another co-star she's very fond of. "He's great company and he keeps all of us in stitches. When we're shooting together he always makes things so easy and lighthearted that I don't feel the strain of working. Shatru has one bad habit — of coming late. But he's nice enough to let me know approximately when to expect him so that I don't have to waste my time waiting for him."

Amjad Khan, Deven Verma and Parikshat Sahni are her other special friends. They're not only good co-stars but confidantes too.

"Amjad Khan has made me his sister. Something he never allows most female friends to be! Deven and his wife Rupa are people I can relax with whenever I feel like it. Parikshat is great. I am very fond of him."

Vidya will be glad to know that all of them reciprocate her feelings.

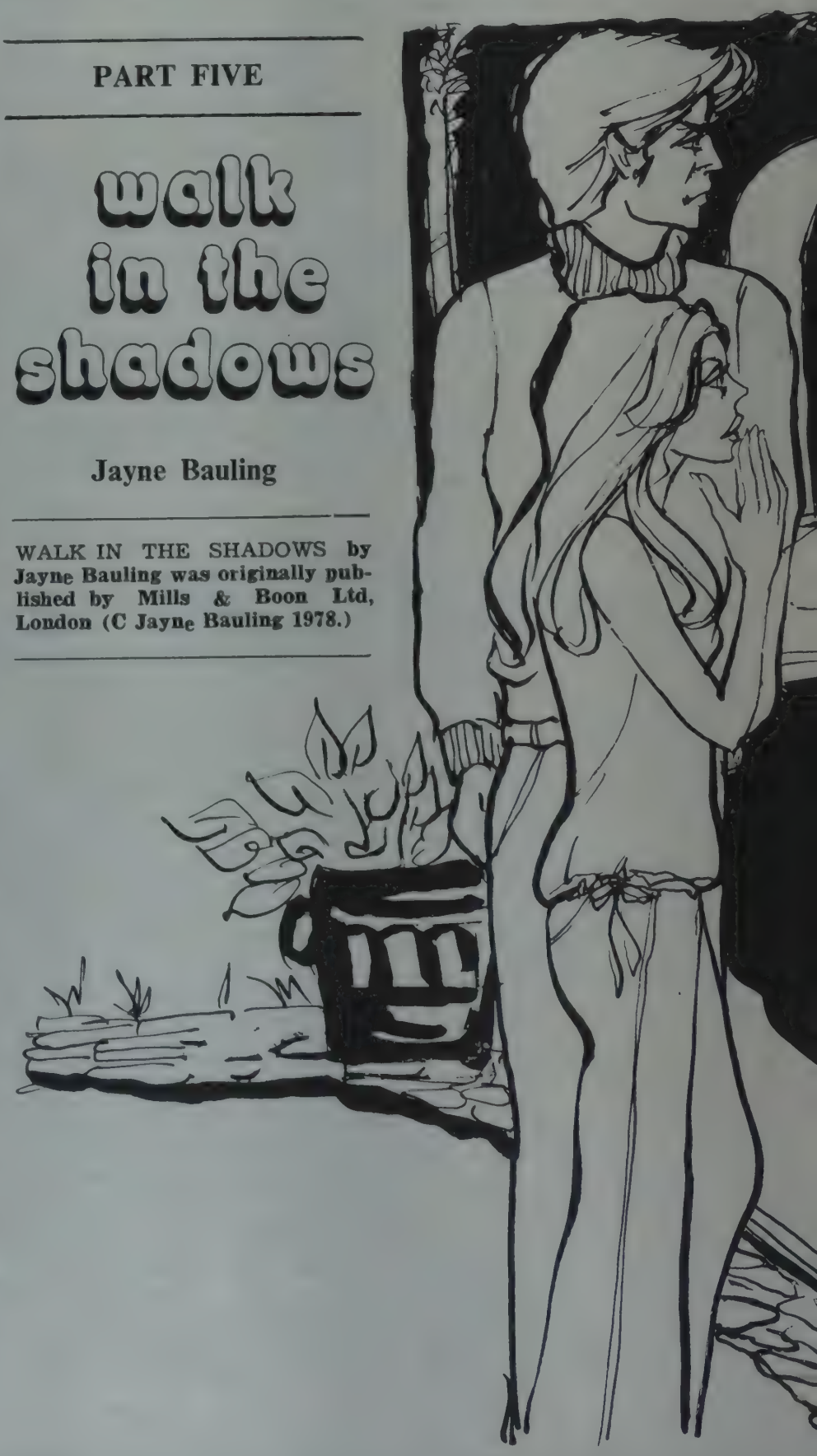
Photograph: Girish Sharda

PART FIVE

walk in the shadows

Jayne Bauling

WALK IN THE SHADOWS **by Jayne Bauling was originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd, London (C Jayne Bauling 1978.)**



THE STORY SO FAR

Nicola Prenn's missionary streak had got her into trouble more than once. This time a young girl, Denise Graeme, persuaded Nicola to pretend involvement with a married man Todd Baxter, just so Denise herself, whose date he was that night, could escape unscathed from her own fiance who had come in search of her. Nicola agreed, thinking she would never set eyes on the three people again. But she was wrong. Her father Robert Prenn, the famous artist, accepted a commission for Nicola, which concerned painting the portrait of old Traugott Sorensen in Northern Transvaal. She drove down there only to discover that the nephew of the man was none other than Barak Sorensen, Denise's fiance.

Barak Sorensen understandably had a wrong impression about her morals on account of his earlier encounter with Nicola. But he was constrained to suffer her presence, at least till the portrait was finished. Ellen and Traugott Sorensen, the old couple, made her feel at home. But there was friction whenever Barak and Nicola met. Also in the house was Melanie, a nine-year-old girl, grand-daughter of the old Sorensens. Nicola learnt she was the daughter of Barak's brother Karl who had died in a car crash together with his wife Vanessa, the elder sister of Denise, whose farm was a short distance away. Nicola also learnt that Barak had been in love with Vanessa but she had chosen Karl. One day Nicola drove down to Denise Graeme's house with Melanie and found Todd Baxter there. Todd also lived in the vicinity. He pestered Nicola with his attentions and she was compelled to give him a lift home.

When she stopped to let off Todd, he made unwanted advances to her, which Barak Sorensen passing that way in his car happened to see. The bad impression he had about Nicola was thus strengthened and the wrangles between them intensified. Nicola didn't confess the truth about Denise and Todd to Barak for fear of causing an estrangement between Denise and Barak, who were practically engaged. Meanwhile the portrait painting progressed. In spite of their heated exchange of words, Barak and Nicola were instinctively drawn to each other with a fierce physical attraction that led to intimacy.

One night there was a traditional "braaivleis" or barbecue party at which practically everyone was present including Todd and his wife Hilary, Denise, the Sorensens and many friends. Todd made himself over-attentive to Nicola once again, thus intensifying the war between Barak and Nicola. At home, Barak accused Nicola of hurting Hilary's feelings and Nicola in turn accused Barak of desiring Denise as his wife on account of her resemblance to her dead sister Vanessa. In the aftermath of the fierce argument, Nicola did some introspection and realised she was in love with Barak.

NOW READ ON. . .

Nicola worked energetically on Traugott's portrait for the next few mornings, and they were both tired by the time they went in to lunch each day, but within a few days Nicola was satisfied that one more morning's work would see the picture completed.

That afternoon Nicola and Melanie walked to the copse from which Melanie had come running on the day of Nicola's arrival. Nicola had started painting the woody scene because Melanie had expressed a wish to own a picture of "my trees." The work was a secret between them, one in which Melanie took solemn enjoyment, and Nicola aimed to finish it that day.

When they reached the spot, Nicola set up her easel in an open space on the side of the track opposite to the trees, and Melanie, who was not interested in watching her at work, went running off, a small figure in blue jeans who was soon lost to sight among the trees.

"Nicola darling!" Todd exclaimed warmly as he reached her.

"Oh hullo, Todd," Nicola greeted him indifferently. "What are you doing here?"

He came forward and caught her hands in his. "What do you think?"

He took her hands, but Nicola hardly noticed, so intent was she on yet another reappraisal of the painting.

He peered at her more closely now and said, "You're not looking too bright, darling. What's up with you? Could it be that I'm beginning to wear you down at last?"

He attempted to draw her into his arms.

"Todd! Stop playing the fool," she said sharply as he bent his head.

"Who said I was playing?" he muttered.

Nicola turned her head sharply so that his kiss landed on her cheek instead of her mouth as he had obviously intended.

"Here comes Melanie," she said coldly, but with a sense of relief. "Kindly let go of me immediately — unless you want a nine-year-old child to see you making an utter fool of yourself."

Todd obeyed and turned to regard the approaching Melanie with angry brown eyes.

"What does that damned kid want?" he said venomously.

"Hullo." Melanie stopped and stared at him unblinkingly. "What do you want here, Mr. Baxter?" she asked politely.

"Mr. Baxter is just about to leave," said Nicola. She heard Todd mutter a curse.

"Oh," said Melanie, still staring at him. "Goodbye then Mr. Baxter."

"She's certainly seeing you off with a vengeance," Nicola murmured to Todd. "You'd better go."

"Very well, then," he said stulkily. "I'll be seeing you some time soon, Nicola."

Nicola hoped not. She watched him turn away and start walking down the lane once more.

Melanie looked at her blandly. "That's got rid of him. You don't like Mr. Baxter, do you, Nicola?"

"Not much," Nicola agreed.

"I thought not, and that's why I can't understand why he was kissing you."

"I couldn't very well stop him just then," Nicola said shortly. She paused, looking at Melanie speculatively.

"I know what you're thinking about," Melanie announced sur-

prisingly. "You're wondering if I'll keep it a secret again, just like the other time when he held your hands. You can trust me, Nicola."

Nicola flushed. "Thank you, but please remember, Melanie, that...there oughtn't to be such secrets," she concluded helplessly, looking at the child with distressed eyes. It wasn't right that Melanie should be learning the passive deceit embodied in saying nothing.

"No, but I can always tell what people want, and you want me to keep quiet," Melanie said. "Not that I think it'll be much use, Nicola — I caught a glimpse of Uncle Barak up at the top plantation and he could easily have seen from there."

Of course. That would be just her luck, Nicola thought bitterly.

Barak's opinion that Nicola is having an affair with Todd is confirmed when he sees (or thinks he has seen) him kissing her in the garden

She was fated to be seen by Barak when Todd was with her, as on that occasion outside Hilary's farm.

They returned to the farmhouse and Melanie shut herself into the library in order to do her homework, while Nicola, too overcome by sudden ennui to do anything, sat on the front veranda.

When she heard a step beside her on the veranda, she didn't need to turn her head in order to ascertain who it was. Barak had been sure to come. Perhaps that was why she had come to sit out here; to gather strength for the storm she had subconsciously been expecting.

Her hazel eyes were frightened as she assimilated his grim expression, but she forced herself to remain seated, because to stand up would give away the nervous need to attempt to match his overawing height.

"Where's Melanie?" Barak enquired coldly.

"In the library," Nicola replied hastily. "Barak. . ." she began apprehensively, stretching out a hand.

"I see you know what to expect," he said drily. "How did you know I'd seen you?"

Nicola's hand dropped into her lap. "Melanie told me you'd been up at the top plantation."

"Yes," Barak said thoughtfully. "If you must meet him, do it elsewhere. God knows, I've no right to point out what a fool you're making of yourself over him; you're an adult and you can choose your own lovers. . . but I can insist that your cruelty to Hilary Baxter is not enacted here on this farm. If you and Baxter meet here, I'm in a way responsible, and I refuse to be a party to it."

Nicola's eyes sparkled with a rage which was deliberately induced. She needed anger as a defence against his power, and if she stopped being angry, she might start weeping. She said, "That's the worst of being away from your own home...you have no privacy. Anyone can overlook you at any time. I object to being spied on. As for your opinion that I'm untruthful, I don't care a damn what you think of me, Barak! Your opinion counts for nothing where I'm concerned, however much the entire Soutpansberg may heed it. Why should I care?"

He turned abruptly and strode into the house leaving Nicola to stare at a horizon made wondrous by the setting sun, but it failed to move her; in fact, she hardly saw it, because her eyes were dim with pain.

If only Barak had been closer to them this afternoon, he might have realised that she had found Todd's attentions unwelcome. But from the top plantation, he would only have been able to discern the figures and their movements, while guessing at facial expressions.

The following morning Nicola finished the portrait.

"Well, Traugott," she said softly as she stepped back from it, "I've given you my best — and before I left Johannesburg, my father said that would be my triumph."

"I like it, Nicola. I think it's wonderful," Ellen said decisively.

Traugott commented, "Ellen and I are both impressed."

"Are you still bent on leaving tomorrow?" Ellen said wistfully.

"I think so," Nicola replied steadily. "I must go. You've been so kind, and this is a wonderful part of the Transvaal, so I'll be sad to leave...but I'd like to get back to my father."

Later that night she finished packing her belongings, her dull spirit resting heavily on her, weighing her down with despair. The telephone in the hall was ringing as she left her bedroom to return a book to the library, and she heard Barak answer it. She was still in the library when he came to her, his face a tight mask of anger.

Nicola looked at him apprehensively. What now? She couldn't think of any reason for him to have sought her out in this mood of controlled anger.

"Come with me," he said abruptly, his grey eyes very dark. "We're going out."

"What? But Barak, where?" she demanded, frightened by his expression.

"Never mind that. It's just a short drive. I want to show you something."

"You must be crazy," she told him. "Why should I leap to do your bidding when you won't even give me a reason?"

He stared at her with narrowed eyes and she grew conscious of her appearance. She was wearing the cream panelled skirt and jade blouse with the matching necklace that she had worn on the first night she had been on the farm, but this time her hair was drawn back into a sleek knot at the back of her neck.

He said, "I told you, I have something to show you, Nicola."

"I don't understand you." Nicola did not know why she was protesting. "It's late and I was about to go to bed after I'd returned this book. I want to make a fairly early start tomorrow."

Barak sounded suddenly tired. "Please come. We must go to Angel's Throne."

"All right." It would be self-inflicted torture, but she knew she wanted to give way.

Continued on page 27

FLORAL FANTASY

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EXTREME LEFT: Moods in gold and lemon: Japanese bamboo florals with cherry blossoms; an isolated spray adorns the shoulder with a riot of flowers on the skirt; tiny flowers with swirls of ribbons.

LEFT: A brown saree in which blue and pink candy stripes alternate with orange floral sprays.

BELOW: Sarees in aqua blue: With yellow buttercup flowers at skirt; delicately pin-dotted with a floral border and a gorgeous pallav; pretty flowers for the flower child.

Courtesy: Laxmi Vishnu Textile Mills

Location Courtesy: Holiday Inn

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

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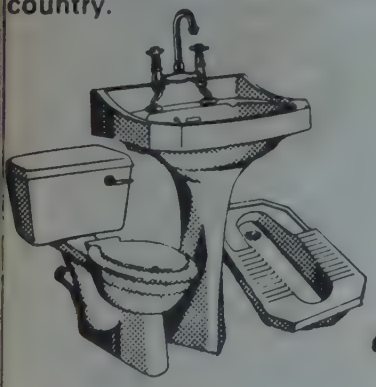

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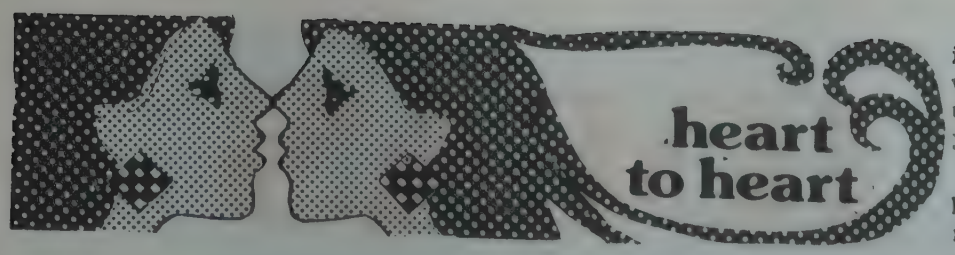

CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT

DOMINEERING HUSBAND

MARRIAGE NEEDS ADJUSTMENTS

I am 30 and married for three months. Mine was an arranged marriage. My problem is that I do not love my husband. I am fed up of him as he is highly sexed. In all other matters also we are poles apart. He is very domineering and I am the meek type. Also he is not financially well off. There is no other go for me except to commit suicide. I am very hesitant to take this drastic step as may parents love me very much. Please advise.

If at this age you consented to an arranged marriage, then you must have approved of this man.

In the initial phase of marriage, sex is always frequent and you have to learn to adjust to it. Regarding his domineering nature, he will come round if there is give and take from your side. This is only the beginning of marriage and it takes time for two people to adjust to each other.

Coming to his financial position, you must have known about it before marriage. You are a working woman and could meet the situation till he finds a better job.

There is no need to think of suicide. If you make the effort to love him and care for him, he can be a different person. Love and affection grow in a marriage with what both attribute to it in terms of love, care, sharing and understanding.

HE IS JILTED

I am deeply in love with a girl for over two years. Our parents know about it and have agreed to our marriage. But due to some misunderstanding she started going out with some other boy. I want to explain everything but she doesn't want to see me. I cannot bear this separation because of such a long association with her. Moreover, when my parents and relatives come to know about it, I will become a laughing stock in the family. I am greatly upset. Please help.

Take things calmly and play it cool. She will realise things for herself, if you act composed and indifferent for a while. You should write to her and clear up the misunderstanding. If she really loves you, she will come back.

But if you feel, after observing her for a while, that she will not return, you could have a talk with your parents or any one else whose confidence you enjoy.

There is no need to worry about people laughing at you. You may have to hear a few remarks which you could ignore. But if your family members are understanding, they will not hurt you. Gradually you will get over this incident, and in course of time you and your people can find someone more genuine.

PONDER OVER THIS SERIOUSLY

I have been married for 10 years and have three children. I am a graduate in engineering. My husband, who is an Army Officer, married me knowing that I am poor. His mother persuaded my father to agree to a quick marriage without any terms and conditions. But right from the day of the marriage, my husband and my mother-in-law have been very rude to my parents and my brother.

I am economically independent, but they resent if I spend a single paisa on my parents. My mother had a small house and as my brother supports the family, she gave it to him.

My husband is after me now to sue my mother over this and I did consult a lawyer just to satisfy him. The lawyer made it clear that I stand no chance. Still my husband wants me to give him a power of attorney to fight it out in the court.

I am really shocked at his mean behaviour. If I don't get the property, he threatens to divorce me. I really don't know what is happening to him.

Can he divorce me on such grounds? If so, can I have custody of my children?

It does not appear there are any legal grounds on which your husband can divorce you. A property can be willed to anybody by the owner and you have no right to it. The only problem is that he can continue to harass you and make your life unhappy and difficult. Much depends on your capacity for tolerating this for the sake of the children. You should try and get round him in the best possible way.

Only if he makes life unbearable for you, then you will have to consider whether you want to remain with him in spite of his behaviour. If he files for divorce for any reason whatsoever, you can contest the suit tooth and nail and ask for a heavy compensation for yourself and for the maintenance and education of the children. As the children are minor and you are in a responsible position, in all probability you will get custody of the children.

But try your best not to precipitate a crisis. Get some elderly friends or family members, who enjoy his confidence to talk to him and make him see reason.

---

walk in the shadows

Continued from page 23

"What's Angel's Throne?" Nicola demanded when they were outside.

"It's a hotel at the top of one of the neighbouring mountains and commands rather a special view," Barak said shortly.

"And what is the reason?" she enquired frigidly.

"I had a phone call from Mr. Graeme. Denise has done one of her disappearing acts again. Of course, she made sure her parents knew where she was going first."

As at New Year, Nicola thought bleakly. She saw Barak's grim profile in the darkness. Was Denise with Todd Baxter again? If so, there would be no Nicola Prenn this time to help her out of an awkward situation when Barak arrived. "As you've consistently assured me that your private life is none of my business, I find it strange that I'm now being dragged along to help round up your stray...girl friend. What does it mean?" she said.

"You'll soon find out." His tone was clipped.

They travelled up a steep, winding mountain road, and Nicola knew that they must be fairly high up already. Angel's Throne was right at the top of this mountain, a big building with several cars parked outside.

"We won't be staying long," Barak said abruptly as he manoeuvred the car into a parking space.

"Barak, for the last time, why have you brought me?" Nicola questioned him desperately.

"You'll soon see." He came round the car and opened her door for her, but Nicola didn't move.

"I don't know..." her voice trailed off.

"If you're worried about not being suitably dressed, you can relax," he assured her impatiently.

She got out of the car slowly and he slammed the door. "We'll just have coffee or something, have a word with Denise, and then we'll go straight home," he said as he guided her through the car park.

"Over there is what we're looking for." Barak directed her gaze to the dancers.

Nicola looked and grew disconcerted. "Oh!" she exclaimed, a hand going to her mouth, although it was what she had half expected to see.

Denise Graeme and Todd Baxter were in each other's arms, dancing to the slow rhythm produced by the band. Denise had her head on Todd's shoulder and she looked young and healthy and beautiful in a bleached shantung dress which was wholly plain, its simple lines showing off her slim figure to perfection, while her tawny hair gleamed under the soft lights.

"Do you see what they both are?" Barak said as their coffee arrived.

Nicola poured out for both of them, with some difficulty because her hands were trembling. She glanced surreptitiously at him. His face looked darker than ever and there were lines of tension about his mouth as he watched the dancing couple. She saw that every muscle in his face was taut, and his hands were clenched.

(To be continued)

Mills and Boon books are available at all leading bookshops and the MacMillan Company of India Ltd.

SAUCY IDEAS

Premila Lal

What lends piquancy to a meal? A good sauce of course. A wide variety of sauces will enable you to ginger up your everyday meals. But many of us don't realise that sauces can be adapted to everday cooking and you can transform the most unappetising dish into a very pleasant one. A cupboardful of sauces is a boon to busy office-goers. A dash of sauce added to cooked vegetables, meat or fish helps to make meals inviting. Here we have saucy ideas for cooks who welcome new ideas.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

VEAL ESCALOPES WITH CAPSICUM

8 thin veal escalopes
1 cup flour
125 grams small onions, whole
½ cup mushrooms, sliced
2 stalks celery, chopped
½ tsp. fresh ground pepper
Large pinch saffron
2 tsps. milk
1 cup cream
1 cup chicken stock
1 cup capsicum, chopped
1 tbsp. flour
1 tbsp. butter
Salt to taste
5 tbsps. butter

Melt a little butter in a pan. Coat the veal escalopes well with flour. Brown well on all sides, remove and place veal at the bottom of a casserole. Saute the onions, mushrooms and celery in the remaining butter in the pan, remove and sprinkle over veal escalopes. Saute the capsicums. Dilute the saffron in a little milk and add to capsicums. Pour in stock and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and season with salt and pepper. Remove from fire and stir in the cream. Pour over the veal and bake, covered, in a moderate oven for half an hour or until tender. Remove the veal and vegetables onto a hot serving dish. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a pan and stir in 1 tablespoon flour. Gradually pour in the liquid from the casserole. When it thickens, pour over veal and vegetables and serve hot.

PIQUANT SPAGHETTI SAUCE

750 grams ripe tomatoes
1 onion
1 carrot
1 celery stick
1 level tsp. salt or to taste
1 level tsp. sugar

½ tsp. chilli powder
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
1 sprig curry leaves
Fresh ground pepper
1 tbsp. olive oil or salad oil

Slice the onion, carrot and cellery finely and quarter the tomatoes. Put tomatoes, onion, carrot and celery with the oil, curry leaves and coriander in a pan to cook. Simmer gently for about half an hour. Press through a sieve and return sauce to the saucepan. Add salt, chilli powder, sugar and pepper and boil, uncovered, till reduced to a puree consistency. Sprinkle with half a tablespoon of finely chopped coriander and serve with freshly cooked spaghetti.

SWEET AND SOUR POMFRET

1 large pomfret
5 tbsps. cornflour
1 tsp. ginger juice
6 tbsps. wine or light vinegar
6 tbsps. soya sauce
4-5 tbsps. sugar
1 tbsp. sesame oil
1 tsp. salt or to taste
3 tbsps. oil
3 tbsps. carrots, shredded
2 tbsps. beans, shredded
2 tbsps. peas, shelled
1 tbsp. bamboo shoot, shredded
2 green chillis, chopped
1 pickled cucumber, chopped

Clean the fish, leave it whole and make three slashes on each side. Make a mixture from 4 tbsps. cornflour, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ginger juice and 2 tbsps. soya sauce. Roll the whole fish in this batter and fry in deep fat till crisp and brown. Remove and keep hot. Heat the 3 tablespoons oil and fry all the vegetables for a minute. Add sugar, remaining vinegar and soya sauce, green chillis, cucumbers, salt pepper and sesame oil. Blend 1 tablespoon cornflour in a cup of water. When the mixture begins to bubble, add the flour mixture and stir till thickened. Pour over fish and serve.

CHICKEN AND HAM WITH CHEESE SAUCE

½ cup ham, diced
1 cup chicken, cooked & sliced
1 large onion, sliced
2 tbsps. flour
1½ cups milk
1 cup cheese, shredded
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 large tomato peeled and chopped
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. heavy cream
¼ tsp. aginomoto

Melt the butter, cook onion and tomato until soft, then stir in flour and salt. Slowly add milk, and cook until smooth and thick. Add the cheese, stir until melted, remove from heat, and add aginomoto and cream. Add diced ham and chicken to the sauce. Serve hot.

VEGETABLES AND PRAWNS IN TOMATO-CHEESE SAUCE

2 cups mixed vegetables, chopped, cooked
3 onions (small), chopped
1 cup tomato juice
½ cup milk
1/3 cup mild cheese, grated
1 cup prawns, shelled
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 tsp. chilli powder
¼ to ½ tsp. salt
3 tbsps. flour
¼ cup heavy cream

Cook the prawns covered in salted water just until tender. Remove from the liquid, saving one cup of liquid for the sauce. Place the cooked vegetables in buttered casserole. Separately melt ¼ cup butter or margarine and salt and cook for a minute. Stir in flour, prawn liquid and milk. Cook, stirring, until smooth and thick. Add cream, chilli powder, tomato juice and cheese. Pour this mixture over the cooked prawns and vegetables and serve hot.

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ROAST DUCK WITH ORANGE SAUCE

1 large duck, (approx 2 kg)
4 tbsps. butter
Juice of 2 oranges
Pulp of 2 oranges
1 tsp. flour
1 tbsp. parsley, chopped
Rings of oranges and lemons

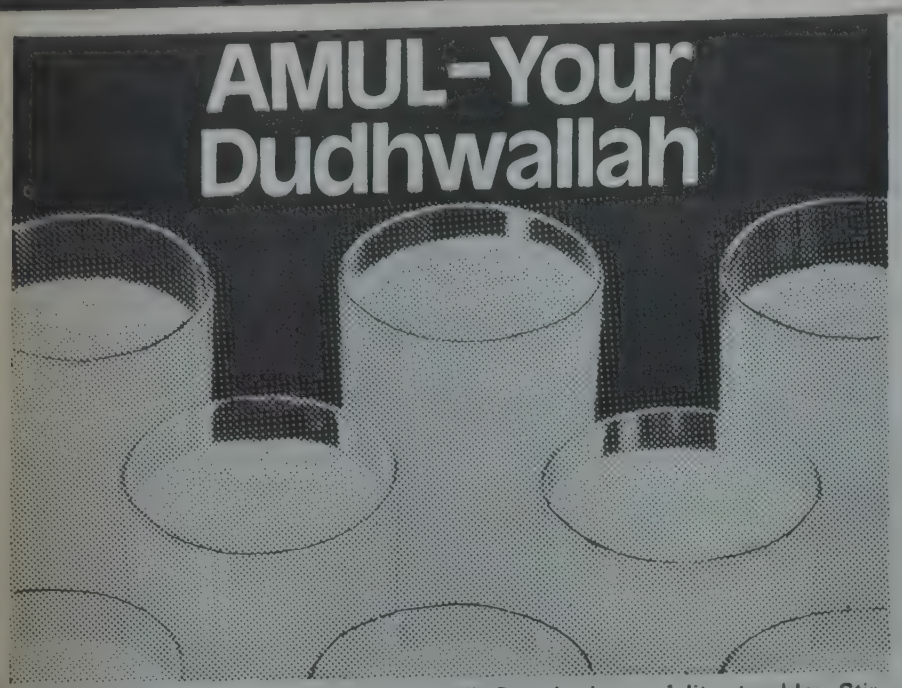
Clean the duck well and truss neatly. Melt a little butter in a pan and brown the bird evenly on all sides. Secure the lid tightly and allow to simmer very gently for about 1½ hours. Keep a well heated casserole ready and place the bird onto this and keep warm. Keep the same pan on a low fire and mix in the flour with the residue. Add the pulp and juice of the oranges. Raise the flame and let it boil until it thickens, then remove. Carve the bird and lay the pieces onto rings of oranges and lemons. Pour the orange sauce over it and serve hot.

MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) WEIKFIELD'S Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

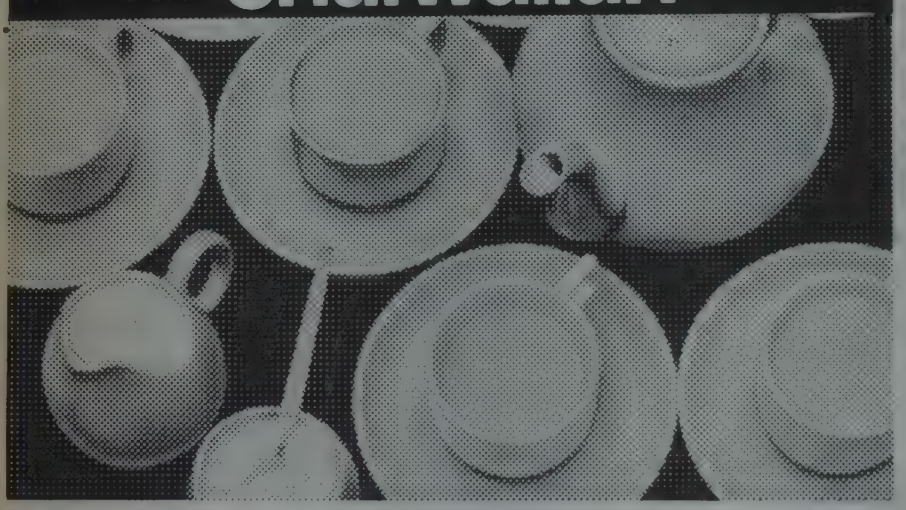
So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

AMUL–Your Dudhwallah



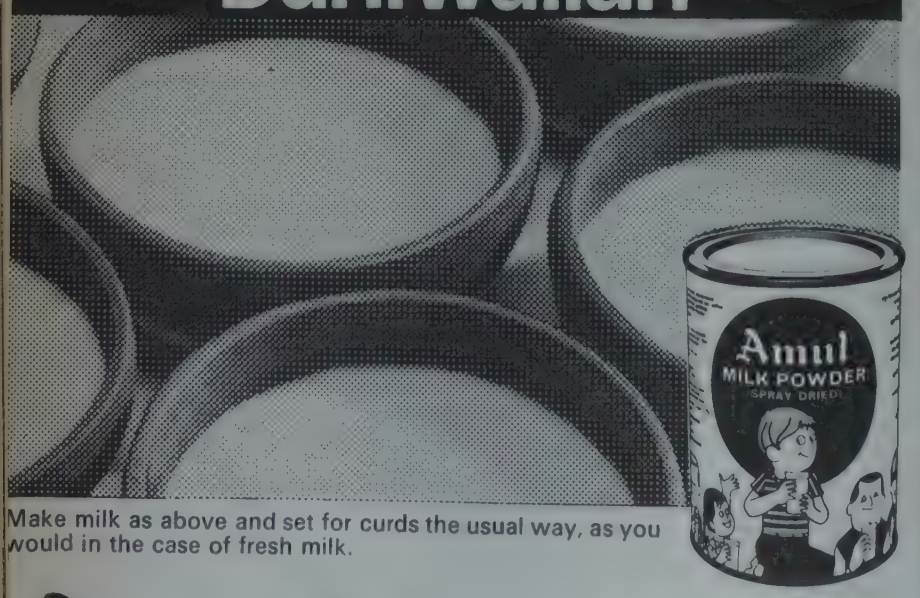
Put 2½ heaped tablespoons of Amul Milk Powder into a ¼ litre tumbler. Stir into a smooth paste with a little warm water. Add hot water up to top and stir. Your child's glass of milk is ready. (For detailed instructions see tin).

AMUL–Your Chaiwallah



Amul Milk Powder is ideal for tea and coffee. Make milk as above.

AMUL–Your Dahiwallah



Make milk as above and set for curds the usual way, as you would in the case of fresh milk.

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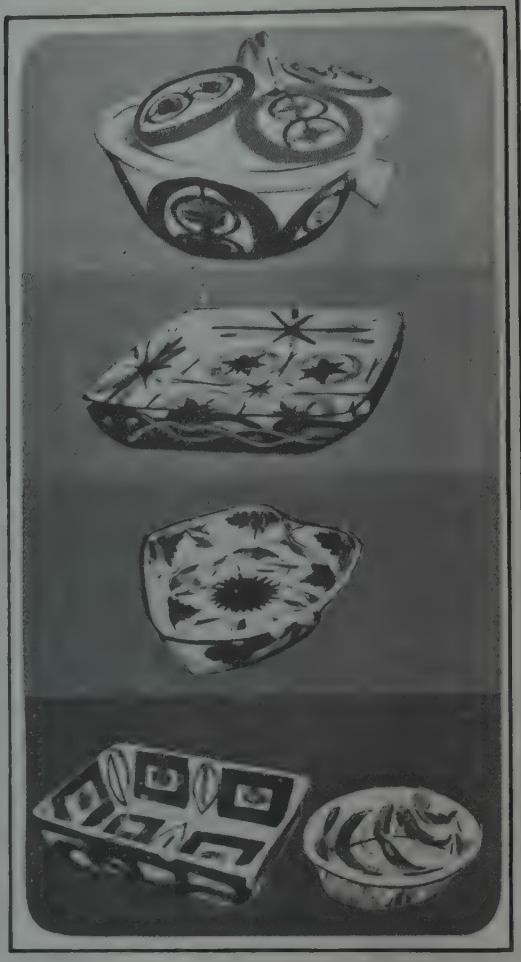

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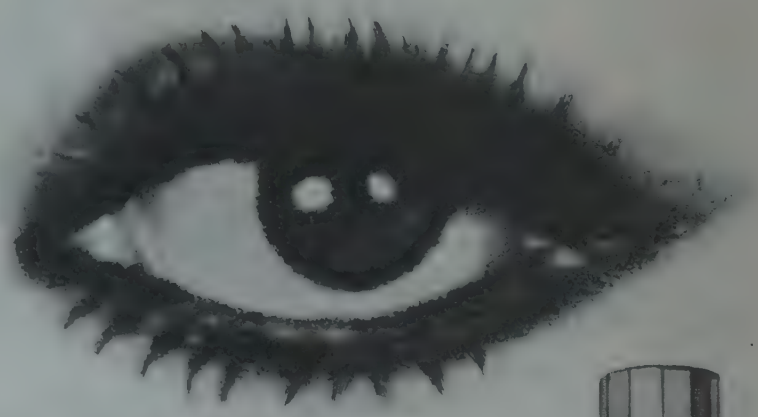

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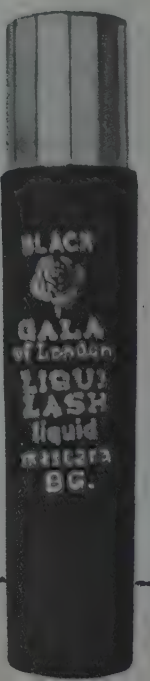


recipes from our readers

Ms. B. M. Patel, Gujarat.

MARIE NUT ROLLS

1 tin condensed milk
250 grams marie biscuits
100 grams walnuts
100 grams dry coconut, grated
2 tbsps. cocoa or chocolate

To make crumbs, take the marie biscuits in a plastic bag and roll them over with a rolling pin. Then take 50 grams of grated coconut along with the rest of the above ingredients and mix them well. Take 25 grams of grated coconut and spread it over the rolling board. Roll the above mixture into an oblong shape on the grated coconut. Over that spread the remaining 25 grams of grated coconut and roll it like swiss rolls. Keep the roll in the refrigerator for 1 to 1½ hours. Slice and serve.

Mrs. S. Kapoor, Bombay.

SWEET AND SOUR PICKLE

5 kg gobi, gajar and shalgam (turnip), peeled, cut (big pieces), blanched and dried
250 grams ginger, ground
750 grams onions, grated
125 grams garlic, ground
750 grams jaggery
1 litre mustard oil
250 grams salt
125 grams red chilli powder
60 grams red chilli (for colour)
200 grams mustard seeds, ground
250 grams tamarind
60 grams garam masala
1" piece asafoetida

Heat oil till smoky. Fry asafoetida. Remove when it turns red. Fry ground garlic till brown. Add grated onions and ground ginger. Fry till water evaporates. Add vegetables and cook for some time. Mix salt, red chilli and half the quantity of red chilli powder to the vegetables. When water evaporates remove from fire. Add rest of the chilli powder, ground mustard and the garam masala. Let it cool before filling into the jar. Leave aside for 2 days in the sun.

On third day soak tamarind and extract the juice. Add jaggery and heat it till it gives out a sweet aroma. Remove from fire and mix the contents of the jar with it. Cool and refill the jar. Once again leave it under the sun for 7-8 days.

Miss S. Gayathri, Madras.

KARELA PITLAT

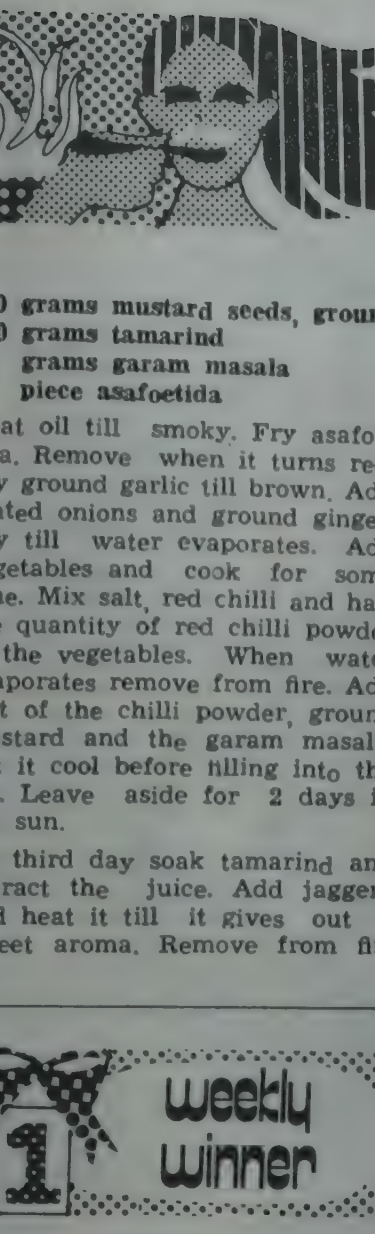
500 grams bitter gourd (karela)
200 grams tur dal
½ coconut, grated
6 red chillis
1½ tsps. sambar powder
1 tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. fenugreek seeds
½ tsp. turmeric powder
200 grams tamarind juice
1 pinch asafoetida
50 grams gram dal
50 grams dry coriander
50 grams moong dal
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Cut bitter gourd into round slices and boil them in turmeric water till half-boiled. Boil tur dal and keep it aside.

Fry grated coconut, asafoetida, gram dal, dry coriander, moong dal and chillis till they are golden brown. Grind the above fried ingredients with little water.

Remove water from the bitter gourd. In a kerahi, pour a little oil. After this gets heated, add mustard seeds and fenugreek seeds. After they splutter, add sambar powder and the bitter gourd. Allow them to mix well. Then add tamarind juice and salt to it. When it starts boiling, add the above ground masala and the boiled tur dal. Add coriander leaves and serve hot with rice or chappatis.

weekly winner



Mrs. Madhu Lata Vyas of Lucknow wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe, plus a non-stick coated Sandwich toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

VEGETARIAN FISH

1 10" long marrow (lauki)

FOR THE FILLING:

200 grams potatoes, boiled and mashed
½ cup peas, shelled and boiled
4 green chillis, chopped
1 small onion, chopped
Juice of one lemon
1 tsp. salt

GRIND TO A PASTE:

2 onions
2 tomatoes
2 red chillis
1 pod garlic
1" piece ginger
1 tsp. curry powder

FOR GARNISHING:

1 onion, cut into rings
4 tbsps. of ghee
Salt to taste
2 kg potatoes, sliced

Scrape and boil the lauki till it is cooked but not very tender. Cut 2" piece from stem side and keep it aside. With the help of a long knife scoop out as much pulp and seeds as you can. Wipe it and prick the lauki with a fork and fill with mashed potato-pea filling. With the help of toothpicks join again the cut pieces of lauki. Take a frying pan and first fry the sliced potatoes in 4 tablespoons of ghee and set them aside. Now carefully fry lauki in the same ghee and continue till golden brown on all sides. Take it out. Put the ground paste in the same ghee and fry till the ghee separates. Put one teaspoon salt, one cup water and the lauki. Cover it with a lid and cook till the gravy thickens. While serving place it on a large rice dish and arrange the onion rings to resemble the scales of the fish. Sprinkle coriander leaves on the gravy which surrounds the fish. Arrange the potato fingers cleverly on the raised side of the fish.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

In response to requests, from now on, each recipe sent in to us is to be accompanied by this coupon only, with no photograph.

The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send us a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

Please note that even a selected entry will be DISQUALIFIED if the requested photograph does not reach us by the date mentioned.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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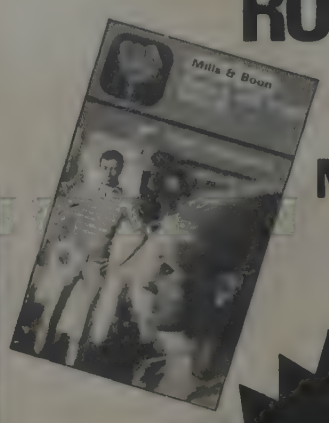
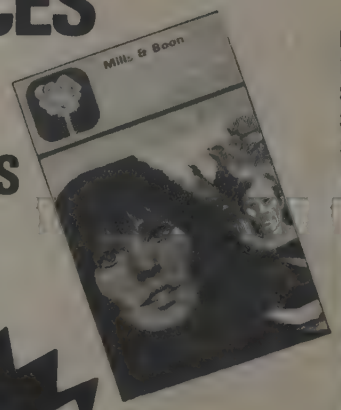
PAPERBACKS THAT PLEASE

ROMANCES

10 NEW TITLES EVERY MONTH

Call of the Veld Anne Hampson
Flash of Emerald Jane Arbor
Golden Apples Rose Elver
Lord of La Pampa Kay Thorpe
The Master Fiddler Janet Dailey

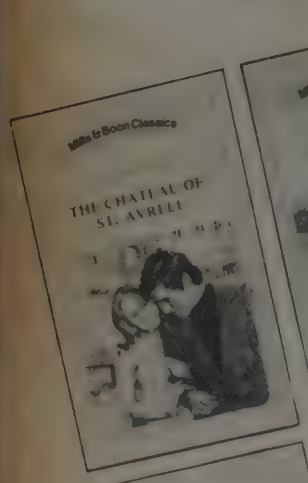
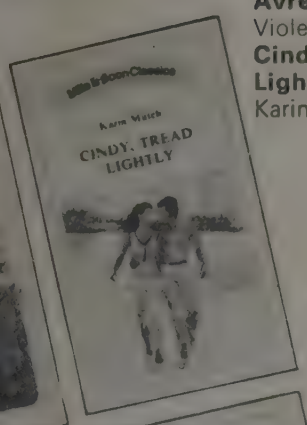
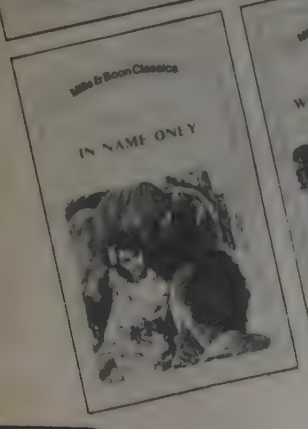
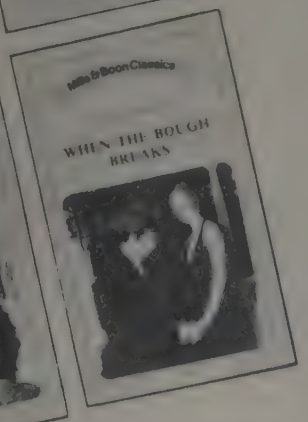
NEW

Night of the Yellow Moon Flora Kidd
No Second Parting Lilian Peake
Spindrift Rebecca Stratton
Sunflower Summer Sue Péters
Sunset Country Dorothy Cork

CLASSICS

BOOKS TO REMEMBER

Chateau of St. Avrell Violet Winspear
Cindy, Tread Lightly Karin Mutch

In Name Only Roberta Leigh
When the Bough Breaks Anne Hampson

DOCTOR-NURSE

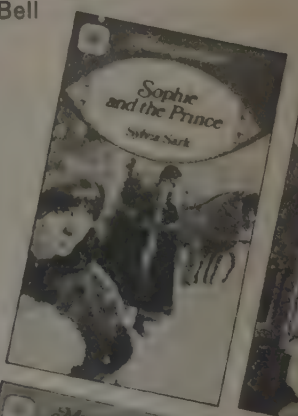
HOSPITAL ROMANCES

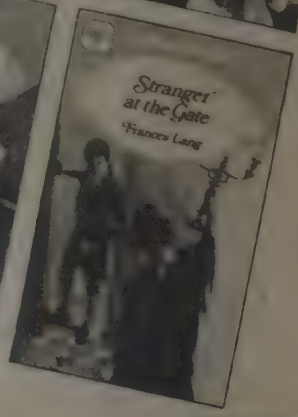
Nurse at Golden Water Carol Hughes
Nurse in Charge Elizabeth Gilzean

MASQUERADE

HISTORICAL ROMANCES (New Titles for Summer)

Sophie and the Prince Sylvia Sark
The Devil's Daughter Marguerite Bell





Madelon Valentina Luellen
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LUCYNA WINNICKA

FROM SOCIALISM TO SPIRITUALISM

At her first press conference in Bombay, Lucyna Winnicka, famous Polish actress ("The Night Train", "Mother Joan of the Angels"), and wife of equally famous Polish director Jerzy Kawalerowicz ("Mother Joan...") was all enthusiasm for her proposed film on The Mother (of the Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry). She had already got permission for the film from the government and from the Ashram authorities; her husband had agreed to direct it, ("If you love me, you will come to Auroville and do the film," she had told him) and she was all set to play the role of The Mother.

When I met her the day before she left India, the change in her attitude was so remarkable that it was almost amusing. From exuding confidence, she was now talking hesitantly and with caution about having to work out the "business side of it" and about it having to include "some popular element." Her visit to Auroville had also been shelved, because of the recent turmoil there.

Lucyna Winnicka, winner of many international Festival awards, came to know of The Mother through Yoga. Since Yoga gave her "peace of mind", she started reading books on spirituality and was fascinated by the story of the ordinary French girl who left everything and came to India and became "almost a saint." The Mother's thinking, as well as all that she read of Hindu philosophy, prompted her to come to India. This was her second trip here, her first being in 1976.

"Why are you interested in spirituality?" I asked her. Socialists claim that ideally, socialism contains the potential to allow the individual personality to flower creatively, besides looking after its material needs, hence doing away with the need for religion. "Socialism is a beautiful idea for the people. It looks after our physical, cultural and moral necessities. But it leaves religion and God to be sought out by us on our own. Left to ourselves, we feel a little lost," said Lucyna, smiling. "We start looking for other kinds of directions. To me, Indian philosophy and religion seem more universal. The idea that I can find the God in the cosmos within myself is fascinating to me."

"What makes The Mother's thinking more attractive to you than others'?" "It's just that she was the first Indian spiritual thinker I read, and I wanted to undertand her fully. I even came

and stayed at Auroville in '76. As for the other thinkers — gurus are different, just like we are. All those interested in the development of your spirituality are good. Those in whose thought there is no disharmony between materialism and philosophy, are good. Organisation, order, these are necessary for life. But there must be harmony between spirituality and materialism — as there is in The Mother's philosophy, as there is in Muktananda Baba's ashram at Ganeshpuri, where I stayed for some time. The people who come there are looking for something more important than themselves — for God in themselves."

Lucyna has more or less left films now and has taken to journalism and is even writing a book — on death ("You can't limit yourself only to your profession — you must go further"). She has started compiling interviews with famous and ordinary people which begin with the question: How do you want to die?

"Death is the most important thing after you're born," she said, explaining her choice of subject. "It has to be. Yet it's a mystery. It's a very brutal question to put to people suddenly — it makes them think. People don't think of the important things in life — they just go through life from day to day. This question sometimes inspires thoughts on what the aim of life is. As for me, I am very afraid of death, yet I don't want to die without consciousness. It would be too interesting an experience to miss — the last adventure."

While in Bombay, Lucyna met a few Indian directors and saw some Hindi films. Her reactions, though spoken carefully and with reserve, revealed her involvement in her profession, and her concept of the role of cinema.

"In Poland," she said, "we have state production and ownership of films. We have about ten small groups which make films. Though the State runs the film industry, I feel we are freer than those directors here who have to be under the financiers' control. There is never a case of a film being shelved due to lack of money — the only objection is when it is too expensive. The only restriction we face is when the film is amoral or goes against socialism, which is the system we have chosen.

"I feel we have more artistic and ideological responsibility, we are not as materialistic as you are in making films. Of course, a film must give money (back), not lose money. But even if it loses money, it's not so bad, because the State pays for it. There is more private production here in India, and so the films here are bonded to middle-class tastes. I liked the Chess Players ("Shatranj ke Khilari") very much, but I must admit, I don't like all your private love stories! A film is good if it makes you think or laugh, if it's not made only for financial success."

"Do you have the star system and the gossip which goes with it?"

"No. We do have well-known actors, some more popular than others. But there is a little more equality there, you know. All those involved in film making are professionals. Film interviews there are not privately sensational. Our work and its results are more important for our public."

Lucyna made a curious observation about India. "Indians are very calm and peaceful. I don't know why people make such a noise about them sleeping on the roads. Your climate is such that one likes to live outdoors. There's one thing, though. Indians are personally so clean, but your streets are so dirty. Why can't everyone clean the sidewalk in front of their house, as we do in Poland?"

The filmworld doesn't seem to hold any glamour for this internationally known actress. "I've lived like a star for several years, attending festivals, etc. I'm no longer interested in all that. Now I can choose the people I want to meet and the places too. Now I'm living the real life — and find it more real and my own than before."

J. P.

frankly speaking

Devi

Raj Kapoor thought Zeenat's body would sell but everyone I know preferred the baby Zeenat, played by Padmini Kolhapure, the jamun eyed girl, to the busty Zeenat.

Bada bada Zeenat, on the eve of the "Satyam" premiere was all set and ready to disown her past (Dev Anand), present (Raj Kapoor); she drove off with her future (at least till yesterday), Sanjay Khan, in his Bob-driven car. Bob is Sanjay's imported aid. Sanjay and Zeenat snatch every spare moment to be

Cream and Kachra at the SSS Premiere

in each other's arms and now Zeenat looks more and more like Sanjay Khan, complete with the Pathan outfit.

The Delhi premiere was more colourful and chaotic than the Bombay one. Apart from the Kapoor circus, (Daboo and Chintu were the guest artistes at the premiere of "Satyam"), both the cream and kachra of Delhi were there. Thanks to distributor host Shashi Kapoor, the five-star Maurya Hotel (the unit stayed there) sounded like a wedding pandal with screeching loud speakers. He had taken special care to put on "Satyam" music in every room, on every channel, in the Banquet Hall and Lobby, etc. Imagine doing your morning business to the tune of "Radha kyun gori mein kyun kala!"

The banquet had familiar R. K. touches like Chimpu (the youngest Kapoor) dancing with Baby Padmini and Raj Kapoor waltzing with wife Krishna. Incidentally, Krishna looked beautiful. I wish she would get out of that hangover like. "At his age I do not want Raj Saab to face a flop." In fact, life has just begun for Krishna and Raj. They have inflicted wounds on each other and now have all the time to heal them. Why, Raj has even made "Satyam" for his wife with a special saying like: "Mehbooba kuch bhi nahi, aurat sab kuch hoti hai." (Wife is all in all.) Nargis, Vyjanti, Padmini, please note.

WOMEN AT

Who will win the Wimbledon in this, its one hundred and first year of existence? These days, women tennis players have become as big a draw as the men, and vie for prizes almost as big as those offered to the men. The women have their own professional circuit, with their frills and fashions in no way detracting from the quality of tennis. And on the hallowed Wimbledon grass, at the world's biggest festival of tennis and fashion, each player will be out to prove herself and emerge as the top woman player of the year. For, being queen at Wimbledon is in itself a passport to being referred to as the world's best tennis player.

On form this year, there seem to be only two real contenders for the top honour — American Chris Evert, who has won twice before at the Worple Road courts, and Australian Evonne Goolagong-Cawley, who has won the crown once before. After being absent from the circuits for a year when her baby daughter was born, Evonne is back at the top, and that by a big margin. She has won the maximum number of points in the Colgate Grand Prix series, and is stroking the ball with as much assurance after her lay-off as when she won the title first in 1971.

Chris has been taking it relatively easy this year, complaining of staleness due to too much tennis. But her convincing win in a round-robin series in the Colgate Championships at Palm Springs towards the end of 1977 showed that Chrissie wants to be back as Wimbledon queen. She knocked out Martina Navratilova at 6-4, 6-1, put it across reigning Wimbledon champion Virginia Wade in three sets, and blitzed Billie Jean King 6-2, 6-2 in the final. Chris is now hitting them with her customary accuracy, taking the chalk on the lines; this accurate, fit American is going to be hardest to beat.

EVONNE GOOLAGONG

"FRESH AS A BREEZE AND LOOSE AS A GOOSE!"

After taking a year off from tennis to have a baby, Evonne Goolagong-Cawley is back on the circuits; and from her form, it seems very unlikely that anyone but Chris Evert will stop her. 1971 was the year that the brown-skinned Australian aborigine came like a breath of fresh bush air to capture the Wimbledon title at her very second attempt. She was never to win the crown again, though she has always been among the Top Five in the world. The reason, as her mentor and coach put it in 1972, after watching Evonne muff stroke after stroke in her Wimbledon semi-final against Billie Jean King, was, "She's fresh as a breeze and loose as a goose!"

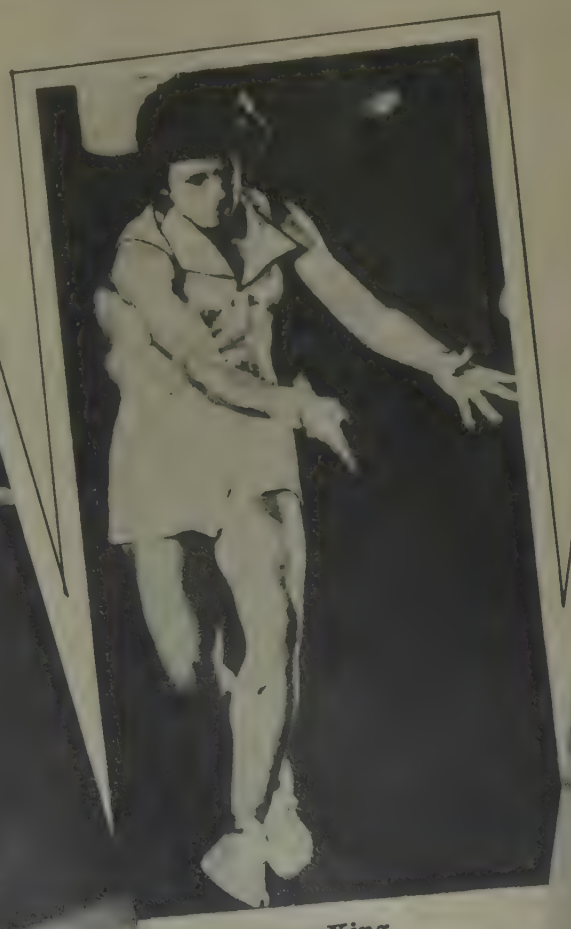
That cryptic comment illustrates in short the entire temperament of the lovable Aussie. She is an absolute natural at the game, with all her strokes flowing as smoothly as if she was performing as involuntary a function as breathing. And yet, there is never any consistency in her. She will bring off winners from almost impossible angles to leave her rival gaping foolishly; and fluff the simplest of shots to let a stranded opponent off the hook.

These days women tennis players are as big a draw as the men, and the prizes too are almost as big as those offered to the men.

Shirish Nadkarni

In her own words, as she once related to writer Candace Mayeron, "I don't even know what the killer instinct is I suppose it is someone who wins love and love, who goes for every point. If that's it, then I don't have it. But I know that I would never give away a game to make my opponent feel better. I'd rather

Virginia Wade



Billie Jean King

Evonne Goolagong

WIMBLEDON '78

Wade has dropped off a lot this year, and is currently only 24th in the Colgate series. In the opinion of many critics, the British player produced her best last year, to some extent due to Evert's complacency; and is unlikely to repeat her triumph in 1978.

Big-serving, hard-volleying Betty Stove of the Netherlands, runner-up to Wade last year, is playing the best tennis of her career these days, as her ranking in the Colgate series shows (fifth in singles and third in doubles).

Apart from these four, who may be considered, on past performance and current form, to be the main contenders at Wimbledon, there are a few others who rank as outsiders. Foremost among them is Kerry Melville-Reid who ranks second in the standings currently. The powerful Australian has been fairly consistent this season, though she has yet to record victories over either Evert or Goolagong in 1978.

Sue Barker, who is fourth in the standings, is not really a serious contender. She is merely hard-working, and has gained the position mainly on the strength of the number of tournaments played this season. The Briton was at her best immediately after Wimbledon, but her Wightman Cup defeat at the hands of Billie Jean King crumpled up her confidence.

The only other two worthy of mention as dangerous players are the ageing Billie Jean King, a tremendous fighter; and the petite Martina Navratilova, the Czech who has sought asylum in the U.S. Both are not very high up in the rankings, but are capable of producing something extraordinary at crucial stages. The progress of 15-year-old Tracy Austin of the U.S., who captured the imagination of the crowds last year, will also bear watching with an eye to the future.

play a good player; it's awkward playing someone bad."

If Evonne wins, it is due only to her natural talent and movement; not to her temperament.

Daughter of a white father and an aborigine mother, Evonne was taken under his wing by Vic Edwards during her formative years. In fact, Evonne lived with the Edwards family, and Vic was like a foster-father to her. Her first foray at Wimbledon ended in the second round, but she captured the imagination of the crowds. Here was a player who hummed gaily to herself as she played who smiled whether she won the point or muffed a shot. It came as a fresh change from the champions who ground their teeth, scowled, and went for every point as if their life depended on it.

She is a big crowd puller wherever she goes; and has the distinction of being the one player to have most wins over the world's No. 1 player for the last three years, Chris Evert. Their battles royal, though played in the best of spirit all round the world, have thrilled spectators for the quality and contrast of styles.

CHRIS EVERT

"LITTLE MISS ICICLE"

The end of 1977 saw America's top woman player complete a unique hat trick — that coveted position of the world's No. 1 player was hers for the third consecutive time. Added to that was the fabulous prize money she had won on the professional circuit to make her the richest and most successful woman player in history. And all this at the age of 23!

Chris Evert is to women's tennis what Muhammad Ali is to the pugilistic world. It is a little difficult now to think back to 1971 and remember how great was the impact of Evert on tennis and the world. As Billie Jean King acknowledged at the time, Chris almost definitely saved women's tennis financially. The women's breakaway professional

Chris Evert

Tracy Austin

Betty Stove

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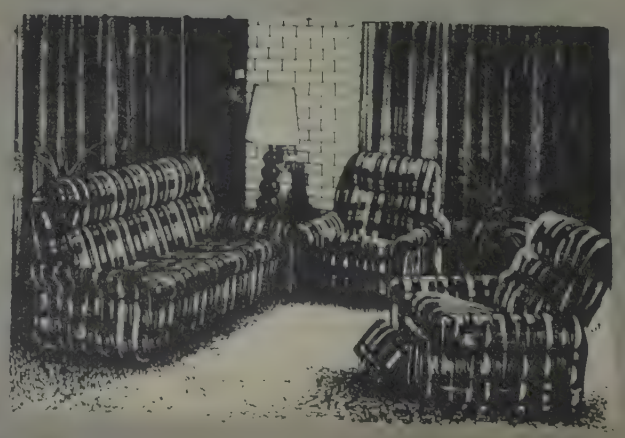

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WOMEN AT WIMBLEDON '78

tour struggled all through 1970, and was becoming jaded. Everyone was sick of King and Rosie Casals; nobody was much interested in the lesser names. Chrissie changed all that.

From March to September 1971, an 18-year-old bony girl, still at school, played a series of 46 matches all over the States, and did not lose a single one of them. She beat five of the world's top players, including Britain's Virginia Wade, destined to become Wimbledon Champion in 1977 (6-1, 6-1 in 42 minutes). At Forest Hills, in the U.S. Open, she knocked out Mary Ann Eisel, Lesley Hunt and Francoise Durr, and had champion Billie Jean in tears in her dressing-room because of the crowd's fervent support for the teenager. King however had enough of champion in her to down Evert 6-3, 6-2.

Chrissie never got the crowd's support after that momentous beginning. She was always after the goal — and the crowd always backs the underdog. Further, her tennis was cold and calculated, and she always regarded any show of emotion as unworthy of her.

The high point of 1972 was her first meeting at Wimbledon with Evonne Goolagong, the reigning Wimbledon queen then. The Australian conquered Chris in three sets of absorbing tennis. Both have remained each other's favourite opponents since. The tennis they dish out is pure competition, pure tennis, without a trace of bitterness or bad memories. Evert's tennis is geometric, simple, her aim is to dominate a match from the first point. Evonne's game is natural, at times flashy. The two have thrilled crowds all over the world since.

The only way to beat Chris is by taking the initiative with aggressive all-court play and powerful volleying, and by subjecting the American to relentless pressure. Only two women have been able to do this — the pugnacious Billie Jean King and volatile Goolagong. Virginia Wade managed it in last year's semi-final with some inspired tennis.

For all her success, Chris remains curiously unaffected. She loves her family, protects her privacy, avoids controversy. After that unfortunate romance with Jimmy Connors broke up in 1974, Chris has not been involved in any scandal. "Little Miss Icicle," an accolade she won early in her tennis career as a tribute to her apparent lack of nerves, is more intent on her tennis; more intent on getting back that precious Wimbledon crown.

VIRGINIA WADE

In the Colgate Series Championships last year, Virginia had a once-in-a-lifetime chance to prove that she was the world's best. The reigning Wimbledon queen had only to put it across American Chris Evert to end up No. 1 player of 1977. She blasted Chris off the court in the opening set; and had a match-winning two-love and 40-15 lead in the final set. Virginia, however, queried a service call in the fifth game, and blew up. Her tightly-reined tensions snapped, and she became a glowering, scowling wild woman. That cost her the match, and with it went her ambition of taking the world's top spot at least once in her career.

Evert summarised the British player's temperament in two sentences. "Virginia is a very tense person. She puts pressure on herself." The 32-year-old player is something of an enigma. As Roy McKelvie reported in "Tennis World", "She is a mixture of Scarlett O'Hara and Queen Elizabeth I. It took her 48 hours to recover from the shock of that defeat."

Among the most memorable matches she has played, there are quite a few that she has lost. Her wins over Evert in the Dewar Cup and in the Wimbledon semi-final stand out, as do her losses to Billie Jean King in the Italian Championships in 1970, to Evonne Goolagong at Wimbledon in 1975.

That pressure has always been her bane. She is rarely relaxed on court, and trivial things upset her rhythm. It was her constant aggression and almost ferocious concentration that enabled her to get the better of Chris at Wimbledon last year after a series of unhappy forays at the world's most prestigeous tournament. The British crowd went wild when she became the first Briton in almost a decade (after Ann Haydon-Jones) to win the coveted singles crown.

BETTY STOVE

"BIG BAD BETTY"?

Into what category does one put Betty Stove of the Netherlands? Her tennis court behaviour can be at once crowd pleasing, menacing, superstitious (she never steps on the lines), and her personality varies from pixieish to needling in four languages — English, Dutch, French and German. Call her a doubles specialist, and Wimbledon '77 will remind you that she was losing finalist. Call her big if you want to (she is 6ft. and 160 lb. of muscle), but not "Big Bad Betty"! Television interviewer Bud Collins made that mistake; he received a backhanded shove that toppled him as Betty boomed, "Don't ever call me Big Bad Betty again!"

Women's tour regulars consider Betty one of the two or three strongest players. She seems to relish bashing volleys at her opponents' midsections, using her height and reach to intimidate. Betty says she doesn't mean to hit people, it just happens that way.

Having reached the world's Top Ten in 1976, Betty improved her position last year, taking the sixth place, overcoming a lifetime of weight difficulties and knee trouble that hampered her towards the latter part of 1977. Betty's personality these days brims over with a quiet confidence; and she looks a picture of health and strength. Her record at Forest Hills and Wimbledon speaks for her tremendous improvement in 1977 — five finals and two wins (the women's and mixed doubles titles at the U.S. Open). Her successful partnership with Czech Martina Navratilova was the best women's doubles team in 1977, though this year she has been playing regularly with Goolagong.

"There are two Bettys — the one I like very much has a good sense of humour, is clear-headed and produces confident tennis," says Valerie Ziegenfuss. "The other Betty, the tired one, I walk away from." Asked on TV last year just before her Wimbledon singles final how she felt, she answered curtly, "All tournaments mean the same to me. I don't know why the Press gets so excited about Wimbledon." She didn't believe that unpleasant remark herself, it was just a way of relieving her own tensions.

Beginning life as a ballgirl, Betty was put through the three-tiered coaching system in Holland from the age of 12. Her first trip to Australia was a nightmare; and her strong body was reduced to half it's size by recurrent illnesses that made her go into hospital at the age of 20. She was told her tennis days were over, as her tension-controlling thyroid gland was malfunctioning.

But by early 1969, with her competitive blood boiling, Betty returned to the circuit — for a very short while. After Wimbledon that year, her thyroid was partly removed. The next year, she won the Dutch Nationals; and within the next two years, established herself as one of the most exciting and consistent doubles players in the world.

BILLIE JEAN KING

THE LIB AND THE KING

In the sixties, all that people were interested in was who won the men's titles in various tennis tournaments round the world. The women's events were relegated to a place of relative unimportance and the prize money amounts paid to them were absolute peanuts when compared to what the men got.

A brash, aggressive, loud-talking, no-nonsense woman from the United States changed all that. Why should women not get enough for their efforts? Did they not try as hard as the men? Billie Jean Moffitt refused to bow her head to the Establishment, who strongly opposed her every move. The American took a radical step — she started a movement that demanded equality for women in tennis, especially in matters of prize money.

Initially she was faced with tremendous opposition, and could not even get enough topnotchers to join the movement. For example, it took a long while to convince Margaret Court, who played tennis more for the love of the game and was otherwise contented enough as a housewife.

It was Virginia Slims, makers of the slim long cigarettes that they identified with women, who sponsored Miss Moffitt's movement. Billie found an able ally in compatriot Rosie Casals, and the two formed the nucleus of the organisation that was soon to set up its own pro circuit.

Billie Jean's marriage to Larry King did nothing to diminish her involvement in the movement. By the start of the seventies, she had all the top women enrolled in its ranks. Women, for once, were making really big money. In fact, in 1974, Chris Evert could say with justifiable pride that she had earned almost as much as her then fiance Jimmy Connors!

Billie Jean's duel with "male chauvinist pig," old-timer Bobby Riggs, is by now famous. Fifty-five-year-old Riggs challenged Billie Jean to a match, saying that a man of his age could easily beat a woman tennis player in her prime. Riggs defeated Margaret Court to give the situation piquancy. But Billie Jean's no-nonsense game put paid to the hopes of the chauvinist; she beat him soundly in straight sets.

No one single woman has done so much for women's tennis as Billie Jean King, who even now in her late thirties, is a formidable opponent at Wimbledon.

HOW TIME FLIES!

Parimal Chaudhari

It is as necessary to budget your time as it is to budget your expenditure if you want to make the most of it

Time has become a very rare commodity, and one often wonders how and where it slips away. No wonder the working woman of to-day, "lib" or no "lib," suffers badly from the common worry — not enough time. She has to waver between her domestic chores and the demands of her career, and it often puts her into a fix — what should come first? Home or career?

Though there is all this talk in the air about the equality of man and woman, what happens in practice is that a working woman has a dual role to play, one in the office, the other at home. Under the present circumstances, being an expert 'Time Planner alone can help her to coordinate her two jobs effectively.

Peter Drucker, the renowned Management expert, has observed that until we can manage our time, we can manage nothing else; and we cannot manage time until we know where it is going. Most people are unaware of exactly how they spend their time. Unless we know where it is going, we cannot make a choice of alternative ways to use it.

Probably the simplest and most accurate way to find out where your time goes, is to keep a **time-log.** A time-log can be a great self-help; a way to look closely at how you really spend your time. You must log daily activities against a time segment (say, each 15-minute interval) and account for the time used. The object is to locate a trend or pattern in daily activities. Time-logs would thus aid in planning time as well as in delegating tasks to others. Analysis of the data from the time-log exposes most of our "time-wasters" and makes us aware of many we did not suspect we had. It can also help us measure our progress in eliminating these time wasters by showing us how much time we have saved each day and how results have improved. It can be used continuously to signal deviations from plans and thus encourage immediate corrections. One week is usually long enough to log your time.

After time-log comes another important ingredient of wise time-management — **Job Priorities.** Most of us waste 80 per cent of our time on unimportant things. The ABC rule says that 80 per cent of the benefits come from 20 per cent of the things we do. If we do ten tasks, for example, two of them yield 80 per cent value results. Thus for effective time management, the key is to find these two, label them "Top Priority," and do them first. The remaining eight can be tackled afterwards, and on a very busy day can probably be postponed without real harm.

In assigning priorities, you must ask, "How does that task relate to my goals and objectives? What is the immediacy of the task and is it really that important? If not, why am I doing it?" After having asked these questions you should group your work into three categories: Priority One (most important, handle at once); Priority Two (less urgent, do when you get time for it); and Priority Three (low priority, do it just in case someone asks). By setting priorities, you can distinguish "most important" jobs from the rest, and eliminate the tendency to operate by crisis.

Most people think that their time problem is caused by external factors such as telephones, meetings, visitors, and delayed information or decisions. Although these problems do often arise from the actions of others, as when people call or drop in incessantly, we usually contribute ourselves to them. We fail to have calls screened by a competent assistant, or we keep an "open door," virtually assuring constant interruptions. In almost all cases it is possible to influence, if not control, externally generated time problems. More difficult to identify, as well as to manage, are the internally generated time wasters, viz. procrastination and indecision, lack of self-discipline, the inability to say "no," the inability to delegate, or the tendency to "fight fires," and to jump from task to task without finishing any of them.

Successful time-management does not mean working harder but working smarter. Simple but effective management skills must be used in the home and office to get the most value from time. The management techniques so desperately needed to keep one's home and career running smoothly are the same, only the setting is different, and the skills are therefore transferable. Dual obligation to job and family means that working women must follow the basic management process — **planning, organizing, delegating and controlling.** This will help them enhance their professional experience while they meet the exacting demands at home. This is the only way that can achieve a rewarding balance between two equally demanding extremes.

Planning answers the basic questions: Where am I now? Where do I want to be? How do I achieve this? The first question calls for an assessment of the present situation, the second involves setting goals, and the last requires an outline for action. After planning comes organizing. Organize your desk, your department, your home and yourself. Work needs to be grouped or consolidated into like activities. It should be organized to reduce the routine, or the small, commonly recurring procedures, as much as possible.

Many women, partly because of past conditioning, often have a "let-me-do-it" attitude at home and at work. Successful people, however, are generally excellent delegators and take advantage of all the help available. Delegation extends results from what **one can do** to **what one can control.** Activities and tasks should be delegated to the lowest practicable level, and one can drop unnecessary tasks and cut back on rigid requirements. Assuming that the husband or children will automatically help with domestic chores is dangerous! They mostly do only what they have to do, and a woman's ingenuity has therefore to be used to make men do jobs that she need not! And having done that, she must see that they in turn do not waste time in unessential activities.

While we are all the time complaining that we do not have enough time, a paradox of time is that if we use a little time for planning then we have more time for executing. So, instead of complaining endlessly "How time flies!" why not catch it by the horns, as the saying goes, and harness it for fruitful results?

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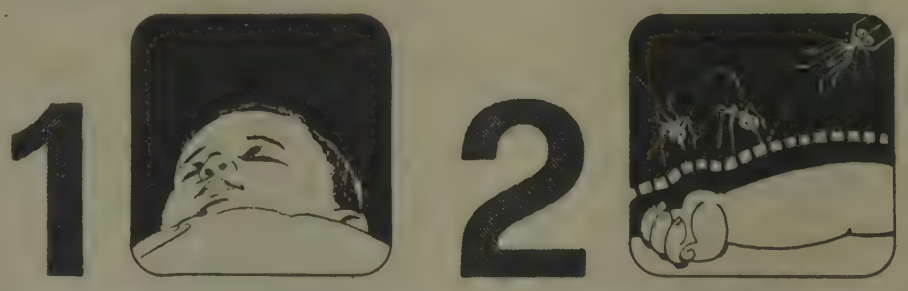

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FALLING HAIR: CAUSES AND CURES

Loss of hair may be due to various causes. It is of two types: Diffused balding in which the falling of hair is distributed over the whole scalp; and patchy baldness where the condition is localised in some areas.

Diffused baldness is caused by post-infectious or post-traumatic alopecia, syphilitic alopecia, endocrine alopecia and seborrhoeic alopecia.

In post-infectious or post-traumatic alopecia it is usual to have a general loss of hair suddenly after a serious illness, shock, nervous breakdown, confinement or accident. Hair falls from all over the scalp and the disfigurement varies from a light thinning of the hair to serious cases of almost complete baldness. The hair stops growing for a few weeks, but the growth can be started and is normally complete in six months. Although it is practically impossible to pinpoint the cause of the alopecia, certain positive breakthroughs in science have made it possible to ensure the patient almost 100 per cent recovery.

Syphilitic alopecia occurs in the early stages of the disease and begins with early skin eruptions, generalised adenitis and sore throat. The alopecia is diffused, being most marked at the back of the scalp. Along with the falling of scalp hair, there is also some loss of hair from the eyebrows. The condition is short-lived if proper treatment is ensured as the regrowth can be accelerated by anti-syphilitic treatment.

In endocrine alopecia loss of hair is commonly accompanied with mysoedema and takes place over a period of months or even years. There is no constant association between any of the other endocrine disoders — though alopecia in certain isolated instances may be present. The treatment would naturally be in accordance with the general disease.

Seborrhoeic alopecia is the commonest form of diffused alopecia. It starts slowly with the fall of hair from the frontal and crown areas of the head. After a year or two, there is obvious recession of the hair in the frontal areas and thinning on the crown. The process advances until the top of the head is bald and only a fringe of hair on the temples, from ear to ear, remains. In the early stages, the condition is associated with a marked degree of seborrhoea. Seborrhoeic alopecia generally occurs on a male head, but it may occur to a limited extent on a female head too. A special type of baldness, having a smaller distribution, is seen in seborrhoeic alopecia in older females.

Before

After

Very often, thinning of hair may be caused by the use of a nylon-bristled brush which actually tears off the hair. Atrophy of the skin in the frontal areas of the crown as age advances seems to be extremely common. There is no treatment available to grow hair lost due to seborrhoeic alopecia. There are, however, methods to control further hair loss.

The scalp is a common site for the alopecia areata. But it may attack any area of the body where hair is present. The bald patches develop suddenly. The skin is smooth and has a somewhat depressed outline — a form of atrophy — because the hair roots of the scalp have disappeared. But the surface is not always free of hair. As a rule, at the margin and, sprinkled a little all over the surface, are found short broken hair, characteristic of the disease.

On the scalp the patchiness may be single or multiple and new patches may develop during the course of the disease. The individual patches can enlarge up to a point and then remain stationary, but before such a condition is reached, adjacent patches may fuse together. In certain cases the disease may progress until the scalp is completely denuded, coincidentally with the occurrence of patches on the scalp or independently of them. Alopecia areata may affect the eyelashes and eyebrows up to the age of 40. On isolated patches, alopecia areata can be treated and hair may grow again.

Multiple patches take longer to grow hair than single patches. When the disease is located in the hair margin at the back of the head, regrowth may be delayed. The prognosis in cases of total alopecia is doubtful. On isolated patches occurring after the age of 40 hair tends to grow again very slowly. The new growth is white at the beginning but gradually becomes thicker and black as time goes on. If the pigment formation is not resumed, it is almost certain that the white hair will fall again after a short while.

Alopecia areata is a recurring disease and very often development of new patches takes place almost immediately on regrown areas. It is not unusual to find that of two patches, the growth on one patch is very fast, while on the other it is markedly slow. The cause of alopecia — and especially of alopecia areata—is almost impossible to pinpoint. In a number of cases the cause is discovered during the course of treatment. It is necessary to have enough data to find out the cause.

In my observation, injections of corticosteroid preparations stimulate the regrowth of hair in alopecia areata, suggesting a possible connection between the disease and the adrenal and associated glands. Trauma, malnutrition and nervous shock sometimes play a positive part. As far as treatment is concerned ultra-violet rays may have a stimulating effect. A short course of such treatment, given locally to the patches, has been found beneficial. It can be repeated after two or three months in case of relapse. The course consists of treatment given thrice weekly for a period of three weeks.

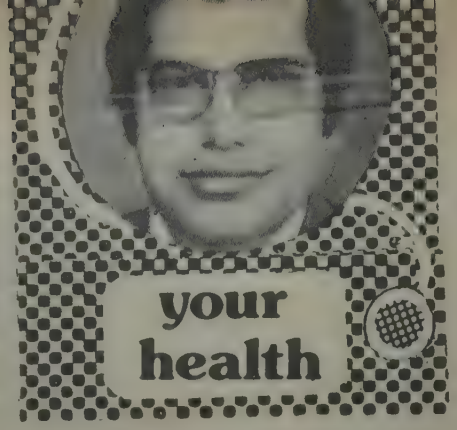
As far as corticosteroid preparations are concerned, the treatment, in generalised cases, is of long duration and may have side effects and dangers. Lactic acid lotion can be used on the area to stimulate hair roots with a combination of castor oil and spirit. It is not infectious. There is no harm if complete or partial wigs/switches are worn as they have no adverse effect on regrowth. But the wig/hairpieces used should be made of a special kind of wire-meshing net which allows the skins pores to breathe while it is worn.

The seborrhoeic kind of alopecia can be treated by 3 per cent precipitated sulphur in calamine lotion (BP). In extreme cases X-ray treatment may be considered. In India, I find that a large number of men and women are afflicted with this particular problem. They must get a proper diagnosis by a beauty dermatologist specialising in that particular line.

There is no reason to feel depressed because of the loss of hair. People suffering from alopecia normally feel hopeless, tense and nervous when they see the condition of the scalp, and stress, nervous tension and anxiety could actually aggravate the condition.

When clients do not respond to any form of treatment putting them on a gentle nerve-calming tonic works wonders. From then on, with the clients in a happier state of mind, treatment offers no problem. But science has certain limitations — and this should be borne in mind.

Shahnaz Husain



your health

Dr. Padam Singhvi,
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ASTHMA— a distressing ailment

Several misconceptions about this disease need to be clarified

Asthma means difficult breathing or gasping for breath. A person can tolerate diseases, but he finds it extremely difficult and annoying when he is short of breath, when he wants to take in as much air as he wants, and finds himself unable to do so. In this effort he rushes to the window, widely opens his mouth and tries his level best to breathe deeply. This is a pitiful situation. Except at the time of the attack of asthma, such persons look normal, but all of a sudden they lose breath which heralds the beginning of their misery.

There are several misconceptions about this disease, and a whole lot of people think differently about the treatment, which need to be clarified.

WHAT IS ASTHMA?

As I said earlier, difficulty in breathing is asthma. This distressing symptom of shortness of breath comes in attacks, and until it passes off, the patient finds it extremely difficult to breathe properly. This can occur at any age, right from childhood to old age. However, the causes are different in the different age groups.

Types of Asthma: The asthma that people usually talk about is Bronchial Asthma. This is caused by trouble in the air passages in the lungs. The other type is Cardiac Asthma. In this, the problem is in the heart, and the difficulty in breathing is produced by the heart.

The asthma which starts in childhood has got a strong family history of allergies in general, such as eczema, hay fever, rhinitis, etc. In many of them the disease disappears as they enter adulthood. When the onset begins in middle age it goes on into old age.

Asthma is hereditary: Forty per cent of the patients have a family history of asthma or other allergic conditions. It is passed on from parents to children, and this kind of asthma usually appears in childhood. These children, if they do not develop asthma, are likely to suffer from some other allergic condition.

Other causes: Asthma is caused by a variety of conditions, prominent among which are hypersensitivity, infection and psychological factors, besides hereditary ones.

Allergy and infections often go together. Acute bronchitis, influenza, pneumonia, measles, whooping cough, etc. can initiate an asthmatic attack. The infection promoted asthma is usually seen in the older age group.

Psychological factors have an important role to play in the causation of asthma. Several emotional conditions like anxiety, tenseness, depression, etc. are often present in asthmatics. Whether they are the cause or whether they are the result of the prolonged agony that the patient has to suffer is difficult to say. It is often a subject of debate. Suffice to say that they are complementary to each other.

Allergy is one of the major causes of asthma. Sensitivity to house dust, pollens, moulds, animal and poultry danders, feathers, cosmetics, insecticides, foods of various types, dermal contacts, etc. are a few of the causes of asthma. In the case of house dust, it is the presence of a number of mites which are chiefly responsible for the antigenicity (the substance that causes reaction). Though we have discussed allergy in an earlier article, it would be useful to explain the salient features of allergy here.

Our body system has a defence mechanism which defends our body like a watchdog, and permits only friendly substances to enter our body. Any hostile thing trying to enter into our body is resisted vehemently by our defence system, like a house dog barking at an intruder. The battle field of this is our body and it suffers damage, and allergic reactions are produced. In asthma, the battle field is the respiratory passages, which explains the difficulty in breathing.

ENVIRONMENT AND ASTHMA: With increasing industrialisation and modernisation, our environment is becoming more and more polluted. Environmental pollution is related to congestion, dirty atmosphere, dirty water and polluted food. It is very difficult to say whether environmental pollution by itself can produce asthma, but the effects of the environment on patients who have a tendency to asthma certainly help in developing the disease. Environmental factors play an important role in increasing the incidence of asthma, and they also aggravate the symptoms. Foggy and damp climate is known to precipitate attacks of asthma.

In asthma, because of the causes just described, the air tubes contract and the resulting spasm narrows them. This prevents effective air entry into the lungs. Because of the antigen (antibody) reaction (the battle between the intruder and the body defences), the lining of the air passages gets swollen and damaged, which further diminishes the bronchial calibre. The resultant increase

BLUE FILMS – A BOOMING BUSINESS

From the very beginning of motion picture history, exploitation films, or blue films as they later came to be known, formed a separate industry by itself. When film censorship was made compulsory, major companies had to follow guidelines laid by the Censor Boards. The smaller companies, not bound by such minor matters of legality, continued to produce exploitation films clandestinely.

Before we consider the development of the blue film business let us differentiate between a blue film and a film which has sexually explicit scenes. In the latter, the sex scenes are an integral part of the film and are included merely because they help to develop the story further. In the case of a blue film the sex scenes form a major part and the preamble is restricted to the minimum. Again, blue films are of two types: (i) the story films which try to keep up the pretence by constructing a story of sorts around the sex-scenes and (ii) 'loops' which are essentially plotless films of ten to fifteen minute length and consist of only sex scenes.

The history of the story blue film is an interesting one, in that it reflects the industry's constant struggle for survival by remaining one step ahead of the regular commercial film industry. The period of the 20's, 30's and 40's was a relatively stable one. The racket was in the hands of a few producers who treated sex in a highly melodramatic and unrealistic manner. Representative titles of that era include "Wages Of Sin", "The Woman is A Fool", "She Should Have Said No" and "Child Bride".

The early 50's brought in two other types of films: burlesque films which were mere photographed records of burlesque stage performances and nudist camp films which were primarily meant to propagate Social Nudism. In the latter, we come across titles like: "The Nude And The Prude", 'Nature Camp Diary", "1000 Shapes Of A Female" and "Mr Peek-a-boo's Playmates". By the late 50's blue film making had become a $40 million industry. And then, in 1959, Russ Meyer, a one-time army combat cameraman and cheesecake photographer, made the one film that was to change the entire history of blue film making. "The Immoral Mr Teas, made on a shoestring budget of $24,000 went on to gross a net profit of $1 million. It is estimated that as many as 150 imitations of "Mr Teas" followed. Some of the best examples of this type of film are: "The Ruined Bruin", "Not Tonight, Henry" and "Sinderella And The Golden Bra".

David F Friedman, who had earlier made films like "Goldilocks And The Three Bares", realised that the market for these films would soon dry up from over-exposure and saturation. He developed a new kind of film which concentrated upon blood and gore. Using Eastmancolour to great effect he made three films in quick succession: "Blood Feast" "Colour Me Blood Red" and "Two Thousand Maniacs". None of the later films in this genre could capture the bizarre element of Friedman's 'blood' trilogy.

Once again in a desperate attempt to keep ahead of the

in bronchial secretions adds to the obstruction. The sum total of all these recactions is bronchial constriction. When these attacks are repeated often, the air passages slowly lose their elasticity and are permanently damaged.

Usually in these patients the lungs are overdistended and less elastic than in a normal person. The breathing capacity of the lung is decreased considerably, and the reserves are at their lowest ebb. All these changes result in a disturbed ventilatory mechanism causing a dimunition in the affective oxygenation of the blood.

CLINICAL FEATURES: Mostly, the patient starts with the feeling of impending danger, and some patients may have premonitory symptoms like tightness in the chest. A patient sitting on the bed with his head bent over the table and gasping for breath is characteristic of asthma. The attacks may come at any time, but are most frequent at night. They wheeze when they breathe (when air is blown through a narrow tube a peculiar sound is produced similar to wheezing), a little mucoid phlegm may be present in the cough, but very often the patient complains that he feels like bringing out sputum but is unable to do so.

Besides, the patient appears restless, irritated, and has itching of the nose along with watering eyes. Breathing is laboured, and the respiratory rate increases. He may have cough. After each attack there is some residual damage.

It is essential to assess the damage to the lungs for which various investigations are necessary. A simple, plain X-ray of the chest is the first step in this direction. Respiratory function tests may be necessary to evaluate the lung functions.

We try to find out if there is some obvious allergy. Various skin allergy tests at times are necessary to determine the presence of allergy or hypersensitivity. The skin tests are useful if the person has a specific allergy. However, more often than not, there are multiple allergies operating in the patient, which renders the identification of allergens difficult. Blood examination is routinely done in all these cases. If there is expectoration then sputum examination is helpful.

TREATMENT: The very first aim is to provide relief to the patient during the attack of asthma. The main treatment therefore, is the use of drugs that dilate the bronchial tubes. These drugs are called broncho-dilaters. These help to reduce the spasm in these tubes; they can be given by various routes like orally, by injection, by spray pump or enema. These medicines give quick relief to the patient who can breathe easily again.

In severe cases, adrenalin can be given intramuscularly. Asthma pumps are quite commonly used, and they are quite effective when inhaled. Cortisone is a very potent and powerful drug and can be very useful in severe attacks, and also in status asthmaticus. However, these should not be used without proper medical supervision. They should also not be abruptly withdrawn. If necessary, we give antibiotics, But these too should be given for the required length of time. Oxygen, in the case of patients with acute breathing difficulty, helps. The use of respirators and other mechanical devices are reserved for critically ill patients who must be admitted to the intensive care unit where they are provided with these medical aids to tide over the critical period.

Cough mixtures and expectorants have a limited value in asthma. One should drink large amounts of fluids as water is the best and most natural expectorant in the world. However, on medical advice, mixtures and syrups can be used. In the management of asthma patients must be suitably rehabilitated both psychologically and physically, and they must be maintained on a proper drug schedule. Physical rehabilitation includes regular breathing exercises which help the development of the accessory muscles of respiration.

The very first thing that asthmatics must realise is that their handicap is not crippling. They must combat this disease by taking medicines regularly and following the doctor's advice faithfully. The patient's room should be furnished sparsely, and the furnishing should be easily removable and cleanable. Dust gathering articles like carpets and heavy drapes are not advisable. This is to avoid environmental allergens.

These patients should avoid coming into contact with domestic animals, and drugs which may be offending allergens. They should take prompt treatment for common colds, cough, and other infections to avoid further respiratory distress. It is extremely harmful to smoke and such people should be persuaded to give up smoking. Asthmatic patients should also avoid digestive troubles, and should not eat heavy and rich foods which are difficult to digest. It is advisable for these patients to avoid overwork, anxiety, and they should have adequate rest. Over enthusiastic and excessive use of aerosol sprays to get prompt relief should also be discouraged. Morphia should not be given to asthmatics.

POSSIBLE COMPLICATIONS:

Prolonged obstruction of the air passages may lead to emphysema, and then the breathing becomes very shallow and inadequate, slowly the heart gets affected and starts failing. There is also the possibility of overdistended lung bulla bursting, causing pneumothorax (collection of air between the chest wall and the lungs). This constitutes an emergency, and has to be treated immediately.

Quacks and asthma: There are several unqualified and unscrupulous people in our country who cheat ignorant patients. Because asthma is a long and difficult disease, patients in their desperation try to find quick solutions, and thus submit themselves to these quacks.

The treatment of asthma by swallowing a live fish as practised in some parts of our country is absurd. The only thing that may help is a change of climate. Treating asthma by all kinds of magic spells and other mumbo jumbo may have some psychological effect and console the patient, but it will not cure the disease.

There is no need to overprotect asthmatics, and they should be permitted to pursue their routine activities. If proper care is taken, asthmatics can live an average life span

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commercial film industry, blue film makers introduced the Beaver films in the late 60's. These beaver films developed into two significant variations: (i) the split beaver in which the girl simply spread her legs apart and exhibited her vagina for the cameras and (ii) the action beaver in which explicit sexual activity, sometimes lesbian, was depicted. A staggering amount of such films like "Beaver Bondage", "Shaved Beaver" and Beaver's Night Off" were made and exhibited. The 'actresses of the first type were generally young college students earning an extra buck. There was no sexual activity and "it was easy money for fifteen minutes of suggestive gyrations on the nearest bed."

Recognition, and even respectability, came to the blue film industry in the early 70's when films like "Deep Throat" and "The Devil in Miss Jones" became superhits and caught the attention of film critics like Andrew Sarris, Judith Crist and Vincent Canby. But in Latin American countries and Hong Kong, blue film makers had gone a couple of steps further. Real violence was combined with sexual activity when a number of films depicted actual torture and murder of the 'actresses' who were under the impression that they were to act in regular blue films.

The latest in blue films in America is child pornography. Teenage and pre-teen girls are shown in sexual contact with adults or boys of their age-group. Consider this advertisement published in one of the latest issues of a leading pornographic periodical: "Mama needs to pick up some fast money selling naked films/pictures of her three little girls (ages: 8-16). . . some innocent and nude, some hot and wicked. . . with boys or with Mama"!

In India, most of the blue films shown are either American or Scandinavian imports. It is alleged that blue films are made in this country but they are mainly for export to West Asian countries. According to a reliable report published some time back, artistes are paid somewhere between Rs. 300 and Rs. 1000 depending upon their sophistication. It is also alleged that many a disappointed film aspirant takes to this trade for sheer survival. Some of the sophisticated blue films made in India borrow stories from Hindu mythology to give them a veneer of sophistication.

Contrary to some reports Indian film stars do NOT act in such films. But it is true that blue films are made out of scenes objected to by the censors. Some time in late 1973, a film magazine reported that the uncut rape scene from "Do Raha" was hawked around for Rs. 2000. Sometimes the lead of a blue film is taken from a regular commercial film and then close-ups of intercourse are inserted to create the mistaken impression that stars are participating.

While making blue films in India is still a clandestine, underground activity, it has gained acceptance in many of the Western countries. Young film makers who intend to break into Hollywood prefer to work on a couple of blue films hoping to catch the eye of some established producer. After all, didn't Russ Meyer's "Vixen" catch the eye of the Twentieth Century Fox moghul Darryl F. Zanuck and win for its maker a $2 million contract to direct "Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls"?

Sanjit Narwekar

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madam i'm adam

Many years ago, honey, when I was a bachelor in Bangalore, I collapsed in a friend's place one evening and was rushed home in a cab. My old man, in turn, rushed me into a private ward of a public hospital. He was a man of violent temper. He told the presiding doctor that he would personally burn the hospital down if I didn't leave it alive. My father used to spend money like a roving politician, so the doctor didn't argue.

I woke up the next day around eight, to find myself flat on my back in a bed as hard as concrete — with a drip in my arm and a crick in my neck. The room was comfortable but small. If a trombone player performed in it, he would have had to stand facing an open door. Phyllis came in minutes later (I was courting her then) and said, "How do you feel, darling?"

I said: "Dinky. I may last out till evening, so don't publish the funeral notice till tomorrow."

She said, "Don't talk that way — you'll be out of here in no time."

"Sure," I told her, "but will I be walking or will I be carried?"

* * * * * *

The day nurse came in. I found out she was called Sister Netta. She had a figure like a pack mule and a voice that sounded like a saw-mill at the height of the season. She also had her own peculiar brand of speech.

She said, "I'm glad to see we are looking better this morning. Now how would we feel about a nice warm sponge?"

I felt like saying, "What, the two of us?" but didn't. Minutes later she was sponging me all over. Phyllis stayed right where she was. What the hell! I figured she had to learn sometime.

* * * * * *

I thought I caught a glint of kindness in Sister Netta's eye. So I said, "Sister, do you think you could let me have a coupla snorts of brandy?"

She gaped at me, petrified. You'd have thought I'd blasphemed against the Holy Ghost. "No patient is allowed liquor," she said.

"You have a duodenal ulcer," she said. "Liquor is poison to you."

Then she went away and the swaying of her hips, as she left, would have caused a tidal wave. I said to my girl, "It may be poison, baby, but whatta way to go. Be an angel and sneak in a half-bottle this evening."

She agreed.

* * * * * *

Five minutes later, my favourite cousin, Millie, dropped in. She too is a nurse, but she worked in another boneyard a coupla miles away. She said, "Marie's here to see you."

"Good grief!" I said. "Even when I'm sick, my problems perch on my chest. Anyway, send her in." Marie came in looking dazzling. At that time, her interest in me was more than academic. She put a cool palm on my brow and said, "How's the wounded soldier?" I smiled bravely. "I wouldn't know," I said. "There's no pain, but Pop phoned in to say the local undertakers are already sending in their bids."

* * * * * *

My night nurse, Sister Jessie, was a cute gal with cornsilk hair and more curves than a corkscrew. Everytime she took my pulse she got a wrong count. They took eight days to cure me. Three with drips, tablets, mixtures and — though they didn't know it — brandy. Five with slops — and brandy. One evening a terrible thing happened. Phyllis and Marie came in. Almost together! They sat on either side of the bed and hated each other with their eyes. If there were a coupla swords around, they'd have fought a duel to the death.

I'm not very religious, but I thanked God I got out of the hospital alive, and I haven't occupied a ward since. Excuse me a moment while I knock on wood!

G'bye now!

Adam

EDUCATION WITH A VIEW TO EARNING A LIVING

Continued from page 12

namesake sister-in-law). Her mother, Mrs. Uma Sarwal, is absolutely in agreement with her daughter's choice "because while at school she went through an IQ and aptitude test, and this is what they found her suited for."

Amita is of the opinion that girls today should not be cossetted as they have to face a tough world. Her further specialization depends upon her B.Com. results. Among her classmates and friends there are many who are indecisive about their plans after graduation.

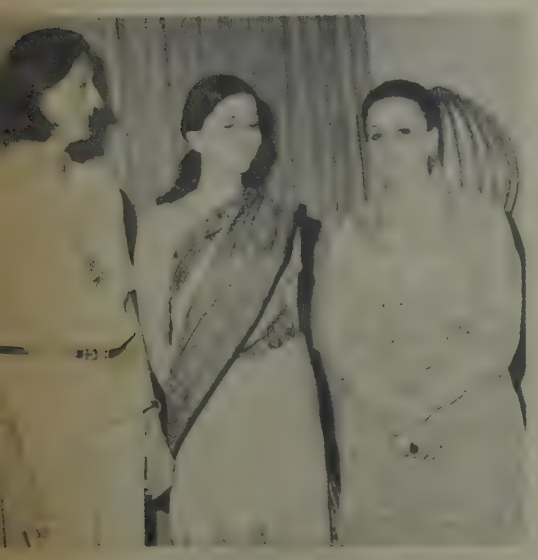
"I find this tendency commoner among girls from the higher, or should I say, richer strata of society. It could be because they know that it's not imperative for them to work, and their kind usually settle for 'fancy' courses like flower arrangement, beauty care, etc. till they get married. I suppose one must give them credit for not going in for academic or job-oriented studies just to kill time," she says.

Would you like to study abroad? I queried. "Well, I know I won't qualify for anything like Harvard, but if the choice is between the leading institution in India, and an above average one abroad, I would definitely opt for the one here because Indian institutions would naturally train you keeping in mind the Indian industrial set-up," she answered.

Then Mrs. Sarwal continued, "If my daughter didn't have the aptitude, I wouldn't send her for further studies. One teaches a child to accept life as it comes and for this, massive education is not necessary. Yes, school is a MUST, because during those formative years a child is taught to think for herself; the rest is a follow-up from this." She firmly opposes those who "send their children for studies just for the sake of studies."

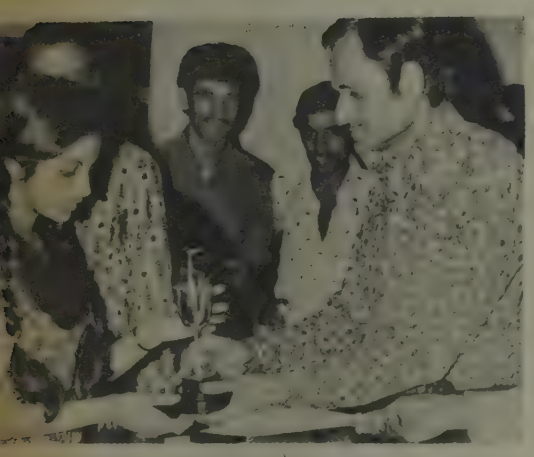
Regarding Amita studying abroad she says, "While travel does widen one's horizons, I would prefer her to stay here. Sending her out as an undergraduate is absolutely out of the question. For post-graduation, I wouldn't stand in her way, since by then she ought to be mature enough to know what she'd like to do. What is very important is emotional stability and that I feel she can only get at home. But then, don't forget, it's the mother in me speaking," she concluded smilingly.

people and events

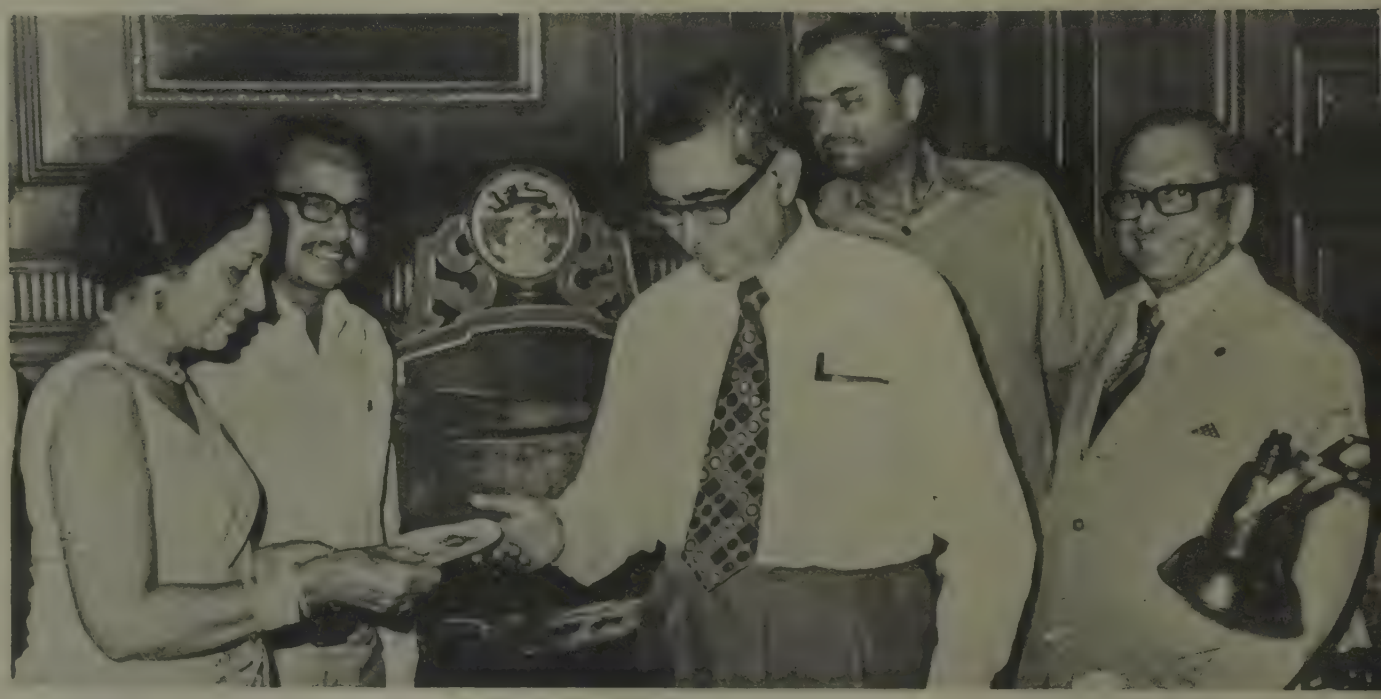


RIGHT: The members of Andheri Jaycees Ladies Wing seen with the Medicine Collection Box set up recently in Bombay for assisting public hospitals.

LEFT: Mrs. K. Bhandary, wife of the Addl. Sec., Ext. Affrs. Ministry, and Miss Farida Nariman of Guest Relations, Oberoi Sheraton, Bombay, seen with Princess Suleiman of Jordan (ext. right) during the Princess' recent stay at the Oberoi Sheraton, Bombay.



Miss Suchitra, who won the best actress prize at the 11th Annual Bimal Roy Memorial All India Dramatic Competition held by the All India Artistes Association (AIAA) at Simla, receives her prize from the AIAA's Hony. Sec. Mr. Sudershan Gour.



Mrs. Billo Kapur, Chairman, Stickers Sales Campaign Committee of the St. John's Ambulance Association, Calcutta, sells the first St. John sticker to Mr. Syed Mansoor Habibullah, Speaker, Legislative Assembly, W. Bengal who inaugurated the Assn.'s fund-raising campaign. Also seen in the picture are from left Mr. Sushen Saha, Mr. K. L. Dhandhania and Mr. Rusi B. Gimi, Chairman, St. John's Ambulance Association, West Bengal.

bombay

On the receipt of numerous complaints about the maltreatment of animals used for joy-rides on Juhu beach, the Bombay Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (BSPCA) conducted a surprise raid at Juhu. It found the majority of the animals half-starved and full of sores.

The BSPCA were able to rescue 16 ponies and five camels, as well as one injured camel, who was immediately removed to the Sakarbai Hospital. The owners were charge-sheeted for contravening the Prevention of Cruelty Act to Animals, 1960. However the punishment meted out was an average of a mere Rs. 10 and a request by the court that the animals be allowed to rest before being put to the yoke again.

The B.S.P.C.A. appeals to all citizens not to be a party in inflicting such cruelties by taking rides on underfed and sick animals. They should insist on using only fit specimens. The B.S.P.C.A. also appeals for help by promptly reporting all acts of cruelty to them by telephoning 441007 or 447518.

* * *

The Concerts Committee of the Time & Talents Club will be presenting one of America's leading violinists — Eudice Shapiro — on Friday, June 30, at the Patkar Hall, at 7 p.m.

Miss Shapiro has been acclaimed as a brilliant artiste in Europe and America. Tehmie Gazdar will accompany her on the pianoforte.

Miss Shapiro who plays the "ex-Wieniawski" Guarnarius violin, has appeared in recitals in most of America's major music centres. She has won plaudits as a soloist with famed conductors. She is now professor of violin at the University of Southern California.

* * *

At a glittering function held in the Regal Room of the Oberoi Sheraton, the scene was set for the annual convention of the Round Tablers from all over India, to be held in December this year at the Sheraton in Bombay.

Round Table came to India in 1957. It is a group of young people keenly aware of the needs of the community, and trying to better the quality of life.

* * *

"Medicines which remain with patients who have already recovered can be used by many poor patients," said Dr. Ganla, Deputy Director of Health Services, Government of Maharashtra, while inaugurating the Drug Collection Drive organised by Andheri Jaycees Ladies Wing. A Medicine Collection Box was opened at Laram Centre Andheri (West) on the occasion.

Mrs. Chandan Dedhia, Chairman of the Ladies Wing of Andheri Jaycees, who chaired the meeting, said that their group will assist sick and needy children with the medicines collected through the Drive and funds collected from the special souvenir on "Children — our concern" released on the occasion. She said that the Ladies Wing will donate a Children's Park in Andheri.

* * *

Ramon Bonus Stamps held a cookery contest, sponsored by Lijjat Papads. The contest was in two categories: Indian and Continental Dishes. In

each category, the winners were chosen for the full menu and for different items. The chief guest on the occasion was Kamini Kaushal, and the contest was judged by cookery experts and connoiseurs Duru Jagtiani, Olga Valladares, Roshan Billimoria and Rusi Sagar.

Kunda Joshi won the 1st prize for the Full Menu in the Indian category, and Shirin Vahanvaty for the Full Menu, Continental category.

delhi

London will see the opening of "Shahnaz" Skin Care Clinic on Wednesday, July 5. Set up under franchise rights of Shahnaz Husain's Woman's World, New Delhi, it will be run by Geeta Kapila, Beauty Therapist, Woman's World — New Delhi, affiliated to Arnould Taylor (ITEC). Its speciality will be the application of Indian herbal beauty aids, a novel line of treatment there.

calcutta

One of the successful fund-raising methods employed by the St. John's Ambulance Association is to sell St. John Stickers. The campaign this year was launched by the Sticker Sales Campaign Committee, when its Chairman, Mrs. Billo Kapur, sold the first sticker to Mr. Syed Mansoor Habibullah, Speaker of the West Bengal Legislative Assembly.

* * *

Some enterprising women have got together and started running a club with a difference — the Combination Club — with a view to bridging the gap between the generations.

Recently the Club felicitated Dr. Miss Duru Lilaram for getting the F.R.C.O.G. from London. A pleasant interlude before lunch was a demonstration of table decorations by Mrs. Uma Basu, Principal of "Kusumika", who used fruit and vegetables of the season for place settings.

simla

The three-day 11th Annual Bimal Roy Memorial All-India Drama and Music Competition organised by the All India Artistes Association was held here recently.

Twelve drama troupes participated. Founder and honorary secretary, stage actor Sudershan Gour gave away the prizes. The Dara Singh Challenge Shield for the best play was shared by the cultural Wing of M.B.B.S., Baroda and N. E. Railway Art Society, Gorakhpur for their best plays "Pagal" and "Bechara Bhagwan". Mr. Rakesh Upadhya of Kota and Mr. Anil Sharma of Bilaspur UP shared the Best Actor Prize. The Best Actress prize went to Kumari Suchitra of Bokaro Steel Plant. The other prizes were: Best Script: "Samajwadi Table" written by Premji Prem of Kota; best make-up man: Mr. Radnakrishan of Kota; best instrumentalist; Mr. Nandi of Kota and best singer: Mr. Sharad of Kota.

kerala

Mrs. Valli Mahadevan and Mr. Mahadevan sang a few select Arunachala Kaviraryar's Rama Nataka Krithis, in a two-hour programme held in connection with the Sri Ram Navami celebrations conducted by the Muthamizh Manram of Ernakulam in Cochin. Kumari Lalitha (violin) and Master Rajamani (mridangam) of Tripunithura provided good support.

chandigarh

The Department of Cultural Affairs, Haryana, sponsored a 43-member Goan cultural Troupe which visited Haryana from May 21 to 30 under the Government of India's scheme of "Inter-State Exchange of Cultural Troupes". The troupe regaled audiences at Chandigarh, Panipat, Karnal, Sonepat and Bhiwani with their vigorous dances and music.

They presented many Goan folk dances and Konkani and other folk songs. Their Goff, Tonyammel and Corridinho (a Portuguese folk dance) dances were particularly charming. However, the show was stolen by the female singers of Goa who gave two Punjabi popular numbers, without knowing a word of this language! The show was presided over by Dr. Mrs. Kamla Verma, Health Minister of Haryana.

ASSOCIATION FOR SOCIAL HEALTH—GOLDEN JUBILEE

The Association for Social Health in India is a voluntary organisation which works for the eradication of commercialised prostitution. The Association is celebrating its Golden Jubilee this year.

The Association believes that prostitution can never be eradicated by laws alone, and hence tries to mobilise public opinion against the exploitation of women. Its most important task is the rescue and rehabilitation of women who have been subjected to moral degradation.

Its objectives are: a) To eradicate prostitution and other related evils; b) to promote understanding and education in respect of sex relations; c) to secure equal ethical standards of living for men and women; d) to establish, maintain and assist institutions for women and children in immoral traffic and moral danger, student counselling centres and health centres for VD control; e) to organise training programmes for field workers and f) to publish literature for the promotion of these objectives.

In 1929, the Association prepared a summary of the different laws throughout India dealing with the protection of women and children. The summary showed up all the discrepancies in these laws and made useful amendments and suggestions for new laws. The Association's efforts in securing a uniform Indian legislation culminated in the enactment of the Suppression of Immoral Traffic in Women and Girls Act (SITA)) of 1956. The Association helps in implementing this Act in whatever capacity it can.

The Association publishes a quarterly journal — "Social Health."

It has conducted surveys of prostitution in Mysore, Hyderabad, Surat. Bombay, Bihar and Rajasthan and also of those working in the field of marriage and family counselling.

To celebrate its Golden Jubilee, the Association plans to release a stamp and hold a special Social Health week from Sept. 22—28 which will end with a Flag Day. The celebrations will culminate in a conference to be held from November 8 to 11, '78 in New Delhi on "Trade in Human Persons: Victim versus Offender".

world of eve

BEJOLI GHOSE

Bejoli Ghose, the newly appointed State Commissioner of Bharat Scouts and Guides, W. Bengal, has been in the guide movement since she was seven. A Commissioner of guides since 1946, Bejoli's interest in handicapped children was aroused during her trips abroad and she took courses in training methods there.

Bejoli's rehabilitation programme includes not only education and recreation, but also participation in creative projects like the publication of the magazine **Khelaghar**, in which the handicapped children contribute. Bejoli Ghose has received the highest national award in the Scout and Guide movement, the "Silver Elephant".

Bejoli is also actively connected with "Nava Nir" home for the aged. She is the secretary of the Legal Aid Committee of the Women's Co-ordinating Council and of the Mirpur Rural Women's Training Centre.

Bejoli has been honoured in the International Women's Year.

SHYAMALA CHANDRAN

"As a hypothyroid patient for 15 years, and in search of exercises which would help me, I was given a feature on Isometrics, which had appeared in Eve's Weekly!" recounts Shyamala Chandran dramatically. "From then, I took to Isometrics seriously."

Realising that Isometrics had limitations in controlling weight, she combined it with Yoga.

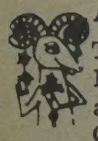
"Many of our ailments arise from bad posture," says Shyamala, who now helps other patients through Isometrics and Yoga. She has set up a centre in Madras and a clinic in Bangalore, where she helps those suffering from backaches, neckaches, and sometimes even those with eye or ear ailments. "My treatment is given after due medical advice. 'Yogic Isometrics' sometimes helps when physiotherapy doesn't. I also run beauty-health courses for reducing weight," says Shyamala.

this week for you

A new moon, so lots of changes, especially if born on the 5th. But lucky ones, so don't stay in your Cancer cocoon —take a chance on a more expansive scene and take all the good things that can be yours! It is a year of improving fortunes, happier relationships, better trends healthwise. A lot of running around in early 1979 — but to good avail — and the rest of the twelvemonth looks super, with planetary transits having an invigorating effect, giving you plenty of confidence — and sex appeal! You will be working and playing hard, but will find that love and luck go hand in hand with travel and new friendships. It could be the year you meet your true love, if heart-free now.

For the week July 2-8, 1978

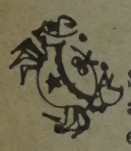
John Naylor



ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)
The accent is on home life, and relatives will be lucky for you as well as providing good companionship. Give a hand, if it is called for — you won't regret helping out. A light-hearted week for romance and the fun scene — with more excitement on the way in a few weeks' time.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)
Not only this week, but for some time ahead, there is much movement and change for you. This can't be avoided, but, anyway, it will be lucky, easing you out of a rut and revising your ideas — and fortunes — on the way! Your love life looks great, your finances, too!

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)
A busy-busy week that will just suit your friendly nature! You'll get some good news, also some extra cash; an opportunity may drop into your lap, involving a journey. If you have changes in mind, get moving on these. Plenty of chances to flirt and have fun.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)
Several planets are in your sign, all helpful to you. You will have extra enthusiasm and energy; your morale will get a boost in an unexpected way. Super-special influences for love; there may be a new involvement if you've been restless lately. If married, a rise in the family fortunes.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)
Venus is affecting your love life, bringing new meetings if unattached. The general pattern looks good for you. You may get your rewards if you've been trying extra hard in any direction recently. Mercury enters your sign on the 3rd; you can expect a busy few weeks ahead.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)
There is no reason why you can't succeed in your present aims. Have confidence, get yourself into the limelight and show what you can do! An ardent week for romance; there may be more than one attractive proposition put to you. If it's holiday time, one of the best you've ever had!

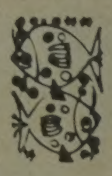
LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)
Several stars on the high point of your solar chart show that good times are on the way. If seeking romance, be patient for a few weeks but enjoy the fun and frolic meanwhile. Friendships and carefree activities are favoured; a new link will be lucky for you.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
Travel stars are strong, could mean a holiday or that you settle up the final arrangements for later on. Anyway, keep on the move for luck and for fun. Make more expansive plans for the future — you can do anything you think you can! Be sure to keep in the swim, socially.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)
More a week of promise than of exciting happenings. But progress should be steady now. Anything new you begin at this stage of your life will flourish in the months ahead. It's more a time for clearing away clutter — from your mind too! You'll be conscious of a new trend starting, changes on the way.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)
The accent is on the people close to you — relatives, workmates and friends, also the boy in your life. They will be taking the lead and their actions and decisions will affect your own plans. Fit in as best you can, for harmony and luck — and for less aggravation to yourself.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)
You'll be running around in circles this week; try not to get into an edgy, irritable mood — for others will be this way too! Keep your love life happy and, if single, avoid involvement in a relationship which, although exciting for a time, you know simply cannot lead anywhere.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)
Keep a check on your health; busy stars could have you fatigued, neglecting the essentials — and this applies beautywise too. As a Piscean, you are emotional by nature and this always reflects in your spirit of well-being. Don't get harassed by trivialities — or hurtful people.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JULY 8, 1978

SRI LANKA
Where Tourists Are Made Welcome

Seasoned travel writers and professional tourists suggest that it might be worth India's while to learn from Sri Lanka the gentle art it excels at: tourism.

MIDDLE CLASS WORKING WOMEN

For many women who are forced to hang on to dull, drab jobs by sheer economic necessity, the drudgery is all too real and the much-sung glamour and independence merely a myth.

WALK IN THE SHADOWS

The concluding chapter of the six-part serialisation of a brand new Mills and Boon novel.

QUIZ CONEST — 3

Rush your all-correct answers to us and win attractive prizes.

Come alive with freshness

Totally different LIRIL.
Rippled green with the exciting freshness of limes. Tangy, tingling LIRIL...
makes a fresh new woman of you.

Liril
THE FRESHNESS SOAP **with the exciting freshness of limes**

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LINTAS:LR.23

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made with loving care

Parle Gluco— the tastier energy food.

Full of the delicious nourishment of milk, wheat, sugar and glucose.

50 PARLE
OUR GOLDEN YEAR OF THANKSGIVING

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India's largest selling biscuit—a world-award winner.